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Pro-Slavery.

SLAVERY—ITS STATUS.

SUPREME COURT OF APPEALS OF VIRGINIA.

From The Richmond Enquirer, June 22.

THE Supreme Judicial Tribunal of the State has lately decided the most important case to the institution of negro slavery that has been adjudicated since the times of Lord Mansfield.

Bayly agt. *Poindexter's Executor* has marked out anew the civil relation of master and slave, and, reversing the mistaken philanthropy of former decisions, establishes a great fundamental principle of the law of emancipation. It is, therefore, of vast importance, not only to Virginia, but to the whole South.

A brief sketch of this important case may be necessary to the comprehension of the ruling of the Court. It is the Dred Scott decision applied to slaves. James L. Poindexter, by his will, gave his slaves "choice of being emancipated, or sold publicly." The executor filed a bill in the Circuit Court (we believe) of New Kent, Judge Clopton presiding, asking the Court to construe the will upon several important points; the most important of which were, whether the slaves were absolutely emancipated; and whether, if they were emancipated only on condition of subsequent choice, they had the legal capacity to make the necessary election. Judge Clopton decided that they were absolutely emancipated by the will, and that it was not necessary to ask or obtain their choice in the matter. The residuary legatees of Poindexter appealed from this decision to the Supreme Court of Appeals of this State. Elaborate arguments were heard, by the ablest counsel on both sides, by a Court of four Judges, who, being unable to come to a decision, held the case under consideration from the Spring term (1857) until the Fall term, when the Court being still unadvised of its decision, it is said equally divided, the fifth Judge having taken his seat, a reargument was called for, and the case was again elaborately argued in writing by Mr. Pierce, Governor Gregory, and Judge John Robertson, for the legatees, and by Mr. Branch and Judge Crump for the slaves. At this hearing of the case additional counsel were called in—Mr. John Howard for the legatees, and John M. Patton, Sr., for the slaves.

The absence of all positive law fixing the legal character of slavery gave rise to the great difficulty in the case. Former decisions upon emancipating wills increased this difficulty and impressed upon counsel the necessity of distinguishing the questions under this will from those adjudicated in former decisions. The particular question in Bayly *agt.* Poindexter, involving the civil and social rights and legal capacity of the negro race in Virginia, had not been considered. This case, therefore, opened a wide field for original reasoning on principle and from analogy, and the greatest possible scope was given for legal logic and acumen. The previous decisions alluded to seem to have given practical difficulty to the Court.

In the cases of Pleasants and Pleasants (1804), and Elders and Elder (1834), the Court had virtually passed upon wills giving to slaves an election between freedom and slavery—and had declared the slaves to be emancipated by those wills—but these decisions turned upon points and reasons that did not necessarily involve a consideration of the great question as to whether slaves have, in law, any civil or social rights, and any legal capacity to make such an election. It was known to be the fact that the legal profession throughout the State had acquiesced in these decisions as establishing the capacity of election in slaves, and, hence, emancipation under all such wills; and under the supposed authority of these decisions, wills had been drawn all over the State. Under this aspect the decision of the case of Bayly *agt.* Poindexter involved a matter of great pecuniary responsibility to a large number of persons and of great practical importance as a matter of State policy. Executors who had acted under the decisions of 1804 and 1834 might be held liable, under the late decision, to account for the slaves wrongfully permitted to go free, and as in the great case of Somerset, before Lord Mansfield, where, though only one slave was directly involved, 14,000 were lying in London Dock awaiting their fate in the decision, so here the expected freedom of thousands to whom election had been given depended upon the decision of this case.

The decision of the Court, delivered by Judge Daniel, may be found in the January number of the Quarterly Law Journal. The majority of the Court decided that the will of Poindexter did not absolutely emancipate his slaves; that he gave them a mere choice between freedom and slavery; that the act of election by the slaves to be free was a condition precedent to their becoming free; and that the performance of that act involved the exercise of civil and social rights and legal capacity.

This brought directly before the Court the questions: Have Virginian slaves any such rights or capacity? Is the condition one which they have the civil right and legal capacity to perform?

The Court, after instituting a learned "inquiry into the true condition here of the class of persons to which slaves belong," and that the case of Pleasants *agt.* Pleasants and the case of Elder *agt.* Elder were not binding authority, inasmuch as the question now presented for consideration does not appear to have been argued, or adjudged by the Court, and was passed over in silence, as not distinctly arising in the cases, and that, "therefore, the question was one to be tested by the general and acknowledged principles pertaining to the subject, and not as one controlled by the influence of a special adjudication." And "when we assent to the general proposition," said Judge Daniel, in his luminous opinion, after examining all the authorities cited, "when we assent to the general proposition, as I think we must do, that our slaves have no civil or social rights—that they have no legal capacity to make, discharge, or assent to contracts—that though a master enter into the forms of an agreement with his slave to manumit him, and the slave proceeds fully to perform all required of him in the agreement, he is without remedy in case the master refuse to comply with his part of the agreement—and that a slave cannot take anything under a devise or will, except his freedom, we are led necessarily to the conclusion, that nothing short of the exhibition of a positive enactment, or of legal decisions having equal force, can demonstrate the capacity of a slave to exercise an election in respect to his manumission. Any testamentary effort of a master to clothe his slave with such a power is an effort to accomplish a legal impossibility. No man can create a new species of property unknown to the law. No man is allowed to introduce anomalies into the ranks under which the population of the State is ranked and classified by the Constitution and laws. It is for the master to determine whether to continue to treat his slaves as property, as chattels, or, in the mode prescribed by law, to manumit them, and thus place them in that class of persons to which the freed negroes of the State are assigned. But he cannot impart to his slaves, as such, for any period, the rights of freedom. He cannot endow with powers of such import, as are claimed for the slaves here, persons whose *status* or condition, in legal definition and intendment, exists in the denial to them of the attributes of any social or civil capacity whatever." And the negroes being thus legally incapable of making the election given them by the will, they were decreed to be still slaves, and their condition wholly unchanged. In this judgment Judges Daniel, Allen and Lee concurred. Judge Samuels and Judge Moncure dissented. The latter, we learn, read an able and earnest opinion, fully expressing his views in opposition to the decision of the majority of the Judges. Judge Samuels is understood merely to have stated that he felt bound by the case of Elder *agt.* Elder, as having previously settled the question in favor of the slaves.

Under these circumstances it immediately became a matter of great professional interest and of public importance to know whether the decision of the majority of the Court in this case would be acknowledged in any future case by the dissenting Judges as binding authority, and also what terms in a will would be considered as amounting to an absolute emancipation, and what as a mere conditional emancipation dependent upon the choice or election of the negro. An opportunity was very soon presented for the action of the Court.

Mrs. H. H. Coulter, widow of the late distinguished Judge of the Court of Appeals, of that name, died in August last, leaving nearly a hundred slaves, referred to in the following clause of her will:

"Fifth, I direct in regard to the balance of my negroes that they shall be manumitted on the 1st day of January, 1858, and I authorize and request my executors to ascertain what fund will be sufficient to provide the usual outfit for and to remove the said negroes to Liberia; and I hereby direct my said executors to raise said fund, or such an amount as in their judgment may be sufficient for that purpose, from my estate, and to use the said fund in removing and settling my said servants in Liberia, or any other free State or country in which they may select to live; the adults selecting for themselves and the parents for their infant children. And I further direct that if any of my said servants shall prefer to remain in Virginia, instead of accepting the foregoing provisions, it is my desire that they shall be permitted by my executors to select among my relatives their respective owners—said election to be made by the adults and parents as aforesaid."

And property to the amount of from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars was charged as a fund for the use of the slaves.

The executors filed a bill in the Circuit Court of Stafford County (Judge Tyler), asking the Court to construe the will; and the Court decided that the slaves were free, unless they declined to accept freedom, and appointed a commissioner to take their election. Here it would seem that the negroes had a very strong claim to their freedom, under the will—especially in view of a late decision of the Court of Appeals, in which a will, to all appearances very much resembling Mrs. Coulter's will, had been declared to be an absolute emancipation of the slaves. In the case of Osborne *agt* Taylor, decided only a few years ago, the will was as follows:

"On the death of Mrs. Johnson, it is my further will and direction that the slaves embraced in this item be emancipated, and one fourth of the property which Mrs. Johnson may not dispose of at her death, as required in item sixth, be distributed among them, as may be deemed most equitable by my executors. But should a part or the whole of the negroes prefer remaining in the State, they can do so by chosing masters to serve during the life of the person or persons chosen, at the death of whom they shall have the option of freedom or slavery by making a second choice."

And by this will the Court of Appeals had said the slaves were absolutely emancipated. It was, therefore, generally thought that Mrs. Coulter's will was virtually adjudicated by that case, and it was deemed a matter scarcely admitting of a doubt that the two wills were in substance the same. An appeal, however, was advised, we learn, by Mr. Howard, one of the counsel who had argued Bayly *agt.* Poindexter, who thought differently, and that a very clear distinction could be drawn between the two cases. The case was accordingly brought up, and was argued a few weeks ago by Mr. Howard and Mr. Patton for the legatees, claiming the slaves, and by Mr. Little and Mr. Morson for the slaves. The decision of the Court was looked for with great interest. Was the case of Bayly *agt.* Poindexter the law of the Court, and if so, did this will amount to an absolute or only a conditional emancipation? The opinion of the Court was delivered by the venerable President, Judge Allen, Judges Lee and Daniel concurring with him, and the two other Judges dissenting. Bayly *agt.* Poindexter was declared to be settled law, and Mrs. Coulter's will to be but a mere bequest of election to the slaves between freedom and slavery, which they had no civil right or legal capacity to make, and were therefore decreed to remain slaves. A more striking illustration could not possibly have been given of the determination of the Court to carry out with firmness and fidelity the great and important principle previously decided. And it is now presumed as a matter not susceptible of doubt, that all of the Judges will hereafter recognize that principle as controlling authority in all future cases of the kind.

We have not time or space to-day to dwell on the probable consequences of these decisions, or to indicate even briefly the important reflections suggested by them. We cannot, however, forbear expressing our concurrence with the following comment of the *Examiner:*

"A more important decision has seldom been rendered by the Courts. It defines and establishes the *status* of the slave, and will remain a judicial landmark for the guidance of Courts upon all questions touching his civil capacity or relations. He is recognized by that decision as being, in the eye of the civil jurisprudence, not a *person*, but a *thing;* and from that simple designation flow all the legal consequences of his civil condition. None but a fanatic need be informed that this in no manner affects the actual personal security and protection of the slave under the *criminal* laws of the land.

"But the decision, in our judgment, bears a two-fold significance of a different character, which is of the highest practical import. It is not to be denied that the decisions of the Court of Appeals have heretofore gone very far in construing deeds and wills of emancipation, in favor of granting liberty to the slave. This has doubtless arisen partly from the fact that, for many years subsequent to the Revolution, the policy of the laws unquestionably favored the emancipation of slaves. Many of the earlier Judges were fresh from the political conflicts of that period—and all of them were strongly imbued with the general spirit of the times in favor of the 'equal and inalienable rights of mankind.' Nor had the true nature and legal character of slavery in our midst been much investigated, and the real value and political and social necessity of the institution elucidated by discussion or demonstrated by experience. At that day the great products of the South were far less dependent upon slave labor for their cultivation; and the minds of men were thus the less occupied with the subject which now has come to be regarded as one of the greatest economic and philosophical questions of the age. Not to pursue, however, this fruitful train of thought, it is enough to say that far more examination and investigation are now accorded to the topic; and the action of the Court of Appeals seems to have been based upon the deliberate conviction of thoughtful minds, viewing this important subject in a new light, and not recognizing, beyond what is just, the force of prescriptive opinion. The action of the Court has, in substance, decided practically the great and overruling questions: Is slavery desirable for the South? desirable for the slave? and right *per se?*—at least we so regard their decision."

And it may be observed, as a significant fact, that while Virginia is opposed to the reopening of the African slave trade, the public sentiment of the entire State is firmly set in favor of the institution of slavery. Of this fact the strongest possible proof is by this authoritative exposition, by her highest judicial tribunal, of the laws of the State in respect to the relations of master and slave. If public law and legislation be a proper exponent of public policy and sentiment, upon any subject, then have the people of Virginia been declared, by this construction of the law by the Supreme Court of Appeals, to be fully and thoroughly in favor of the institution of slavery.

A PRO-SLAVERY JOURNAL IN EUROPE—"THE LONDON COTTON PLANT."

From The South.

AMONG the disabilities which the South endures for want of immediate commercial intercourse with Europe, we have reckoned the evil effect of Northern journalism on public opinion abroad as not the least detrimental to the interests of slavery. Intellectual isolation is the inevitable consequence of severance from the world in relations of trade. On the other hand, the reciprocal influence of diverse social systems will be in exact proportion to the intimacy of their commercial association. Between Great Britain and the Northern States of this Confederacy there subsists the closest and most constant connection in the bonds of mutual traffic. Hence the public opinion of England is materially modified by the prejudices of Boston and New York; and, in turn, the social and intellectual habitudes of the North are essentially affected by contact with the prevalent ideas in Great Britain. Meanwhile, the South stands aloof, neither receiving impressions from abroad nor propagating its own convictions among the people of the Old World. But the advantages by no means balance the embarrassments of its position; for while the intervention of a hostile medium prevents the action of Southern thought on the mind of Europe, the anti-slavery opinion of Europe is aggravated in its effect upon the intellect of America by combination with the abolition fanaticism of the North. We are exposed to attack, but at the same time denied the privilege of retaliation.

The South is secure within her lines of defence. Her people are firmly attached to the institution of slavery, and abundantly able to protect it against external attack. But they weary of an attitude of passive resistance. Such is their confidence in the strength of their cause and the truth of their argument that they are impatient to enter the lists of European controversy. Having arrested the march of invasion they obey the law of reaction, and propose in turn to wage a war of aggression upon the dominions of anti-slavery. They are possessed by the spirit of proselytism—they intend to propagate the faith in the very strongholds of ignorance and error. And these champions of the South ask nothing more in their adventurous enterprise than an opportunity of appeal to the sober judgment of the world.

But the ear of the world is closed against the arguments of the pro-slavery philosophy. Though she speak in the accents of divine inspiration, and with an irresistible power of reason, it avails nothing for the enlightenment of Christendom; for an impenetrable wall of prejudice intercepts communication with the intellect of Europe. The booksellers of the South are not in correspondence with the booksellers of Great Britain, and no Northern publisher will distribute pro-slavery arguments among English Abolitionists. The journals of London and Paris exchange only with the journals of Boston and New York, and so it comes to pass that the image of American thought and life daily presented to the eyes of Europe is a caricature of Southern character and a libel upon Southern institutions. In every *Cafe* on the continent, one may find *The Times, Tribune* or *Herald* of New York, but never does sight of a Richmond, Charleston or New Orleans paper gladden the soul of Southern traveller. Need we wonder, then, that the public opinion of Europe is so inimical to the interests of slavery?

Appreciating these impediments to a free and friendly intercourse between the writers of the South and the readers of Europe, and the consequent disadvantage under which the cause labors in breasting the public opinion of the world, we have long looked forward with impatience to the establishment of a *pro-slavery journal* at London or Paris. We have thought it an enterprise of such essential importance to the interests of the South that we have often wondered why American slaveholders did not at once contribute means to its successful consummation. Considering the thousand millions of dollars dependent on the security of negro property, we have never doubted but an insignificant expenditure for so important an object as the support of a faithful and efficient organ of slavery at the centre of civilization would be cheerfully borne by the planters of the South. We have scarcely expected them, with their habits of apathy and indifference, to initiate the movement of their own impulse, but we have anticipated a hearty response to a call for assistance when once the enterprise was put in operation.

At last we have the satisfaction to announce the publication of a pro-slavery paper in Europe. "*The London Cotton Plant*" is the significant title of the journal. Of the projectors of the enterprise, of the individuals who contribute to its columns, and of the auspices under which it appears, we have no information whatever. No name is on its title-page; no high-sounding *prospectus* sets forth its objects with a magnificent parade of extravagant professions. It comes among us unheralded, and with the modesty of genuine worth. It makes no promise. It claims no credit in advance. It solicits support of the South on the basis of actual performance. In any event there can be no betrayal of confidence, since we are only asked to trust the evidence of experience.

The first two issues of the London *Cotton Plant* have been received at this office. We have carefully read every article in each number, and can most cordially recommend it as an equally able and accurate exponent of the pro slavery sentiment of the South. Of course we do not intend to avow an absolute acquiescence in all the propositions which the writer incidentally affirms in support and illustration of his main argument. We simply mean to attest the general soundness of his philosophy and the sincerity of his pro-slavery sympathies. The articles in another column from the pages of the journal may give the reader an inadequate idea of its mode of thought and style of utterance.

In conclusion, we have to say that anybody who wants to contribute to the success of this enterprise can accomplish his object by transmitting *ten dollars* to the office of *The South*. We will be responsible for the receipt of the money by the publisher of the paper in London.

The price of subscription is high for a Weekly Journal, but it is admirably printed on the best paper, and exhibits a copious variety of original articles, with interesting extracts from the British press.

Selections.

SLAVE TRADE AND THE RIGHT OF SEARCH.

DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—PACIFIC VIEWS OF THE DERBY ADMINISTRATION—WHAT IS TO BE DONE TO TERMINATE THE SLAVE TRADE—VIEWS OF THE LONDON PRESS.

ON the 17th ult., in the House of Lords, the Earl of MALMESBURY, in reply to some remarks of the Bishop of Oxford, and Lord Brougham, on the subject of the slave trade, made the following remarks:

Their Lordships had heard the observations addressed the House by the Right Reverend Prelate, with hereditary eloquence and hereditary feeling on a subject always interesting to this country, and he wished he could say that the subject excited equal interest in other countries. He regretted, however, to say that they were not aided as they might wish to be on this subject by other nations, and this was one of the great difficulties with which they had to contend. With the greatest justice the right reverend prelate laid unmitigated blame on the Spanish Government for a long course of breach of treaty and of cruelties to the African natives. If all the despatches written by British Governments to Spain on this subject were woven together, he believed that they would reach from this country to Cuba itself. All the British Administrations, one after the other, had done their best to induce Spain to do its duty, and all had signally failed. Spain had opposed what was the most difficult opposition to overcome—passive resistance; and it was not without very great risk of rupture with other countries that the British Government had sometimes endeavored to take measures which appeared to these countries stronger than ought to be taken. The right reverend prelate must recollect that the Foreign Minister of this country could not act entirely on his own feelings, for this matter involved complications, and also much risk of offence to other countries, which were not impressed so strongly as this country on this subject, in respect to which other nations had descended into a sort of relaxation of feeling. He alluded to the system of slavery itself. He did not demur to the doctrines laid down by the noble and learned lord, but, as the noble and learned lord had stated that there was a difference between the right of search and visit, he must say that the United States positively, categorically and constantly had refused to admit the distinction, and the doctrine laid down by the United States was adopted by other countries. Not long ago he endeavored to obtain from all civilized countries some agreement, by which British officers might know exactly how far they could go in cases of strong suspicion, and be protected by the agreement. He was anticipated by the French Government, which laid down this law: that in time of peace no French ship should be detained, or searched, or boarded, but that certain forms should be gone through without detaining the vessel, which, to a certain degree, though to a small degree, might enable the nationality of the ship to be ascertained, and her right to the flag she carried. He had no reason to conceal what he had done since recent events. He had admitted the international law as laid down by the American Minister for Foreign Affairs, though not, of course, without being fortified by the opinions of the law officers of the Crown; but, having admitted that, he had put it as strongly as possible to the American Government that when it was once known that the American flag covered the cargo, every pirate and slaver on the face of the sea would carry the American flag, and that, instead of the honor of the flag being vindicated, that very fact must bring dishonor on the American nation if an obstinate adherence to its present declarations were persisted in, and the American flag would be prostituted to the worst purposes. He had urged that it was necessary, in these civilized times, that there should be, if not a right by international law, some agreement among the maritime States, as to how far their officers might go to verify the nationality of vessels and the legality of their flags. He earnestly hoped, from the language he had used, and from conversations he had had with the American Minister in this country, and also from perusing the able paper drawn up by General Cass on this point, that a charge of this kind might be agreed upon with the United States, so that, by instructions given to naval officers, the flag of the country might be verified without the risk of offence. Of course their lordships would not require him to go more into detail as to the great practical difficulties in the way of the suppression of the slave trade; but he thought a mistake had been committed in sending our squadron to the Cuban waters, instead of keeping it on the African coast. He was told that at the beginning of the Russian war the slave trade was very nearly extinguished, but during that war a great portion of the squadron was withdrawn from the coast of Africa, and the slave trade made great progress. It had always been the policy of this and other European States to support Spain in defending the Island of Cuba against any hostile invasion, but he did not hesitate to say in his place in Parliament that if Spain continued to show such an utter want of principle and such base ingratitude to this country, indifference would be exchanged for amity, and, instead of taking her part, we should leave her to suffer whatever consequences might ensue. The statement of his noble and learned friend as to what had taken place on the coast of Liberia was very nearly accurate. It appeared that a French ship was laden with a number of Africans who were called emigrants, but were to be no more than slaves. They were shackled and manacled, and, when the captain was gone on shore, they rose and killed every Frenchman on board, except one. An English vessel, having heard of the disaster, chased the slaver, and she immediately gave herself up, the persons on board expressing the greatest joy and pleasure at falling in with an English ship. The French captain, who had been following in his boat, took possession of her, as far as the command went. The French officer on the station claimed the ship and took her out of the Liberian port. It appeared, as a matter of law, that we were not justified in taking this slaver in Liberian waters without an order issued by the Liberian Government, so that the quarrel as it now stood was between the Liberian and French Governments, and her Majesty's Government would have nothing to do in the matter. He believed that was a correct account of what had been done. He believed the state of the law was as he had described, and her Majesty's present Government, as her Majesty's late Government, were using every opportunity to protest to the French Government against a line of conduct which, though it affected to be a species of emigration, could only be called in the language of truth the renewal of the slave trade.

On the ensuing day, in the House of Commons, Mr. BRIGHT introduced the same subject, by referring to notice already given of his intention to put a question to the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs on the proceedings of the English squadron engaged in the suppression of the slave trade, and with respect to our relations with the United States. He did not wish at all to enter into a discussion of the question which was just now exciting so much interest, for he understood that before very long an honorable member who sat on that (the Opposition) side of the House, and who had for many years taken an interest in the slave trade question, had determined to submit the whole question to the consideration of the House. His (Mr. Bright's) own opinions had always been very adverse to maintaining an armed squadron for the suppression of the slave trade. He wished to ask the honorable gentleman whether the Government had received any information with regard to the matter which could be laid before the House, in order to place the public in full possession of all the circumstances of the case, and to allay the apprehension which existed in this country, and perhaps also upon the other side of the Atlantic. What was said in that House passed over the world as soon as the post, and the present was precisely one of those occasions in which great frankness and openness on the part of the Government would prove most advantageous. There might be some persons in both countries who would not object to something like a quarrel, but he believed that the great bulk of the people both in this country and in the United States, were disposed to take a rational and moral view of the question, and would regret anything which might produce discord between the two countries. Perhaps, also, the honorable gentleman would have no objection to state the number of vessels sent out last year, and whether that number was likely to be increased or not, and whether the officers upon that station had received any new instructions. Lord Aberdeen had stated, on the previous evening, that, according to instructions of 1844, it was impossible that transactions such as had been complained of could have taken place. Now, he thought that it was highly improbable that British officers could have committed the acts alleged, unless they had received fresh instructions beyond those referred to by Lord Aberdeen. He asked the question that evening, instead of postponing it till Monday, because the steamer left Liverpool on the following day, and, in his opinion, it was very desirable that anything which might be said should be said that night, in order that it might reach the United States as soon as possible, and he trusted that what might be said would tend to allay the alarm which existed, both in that country and in this.

Mr. S. FITZGERALD replied that the information received by the Government was extremely meager; and indeed that its principal source of intelligence was the American Press. The bulk of the statements obtained thence, were deemed gross exaggerations, and in support of this view he commented upon reports in the New York and Boston papers at length. His only desire in referring to these statements was to do justice to the conduct of British officers, and also to explain how it was that he indulged the hope that, upon further inquiry, circumstances that appeared menacing would be amicably and satisfactorily arranged. He felt entire confidence that when the whole of the circumstances of the case were brought under the notice of the American Government it would be found that they would be disposed to treat the question in a conciliatory manner, and that our relations with those on the other side of the Atlantic would be maintained unimpaired. He would now inform the honorable gentleman what the views of her Majesty's Government were as to the claim of the American Government that the right of search or of visitation should be renounced. This right had no doubt been a constant source of irritation between the two nations, and, whatever might have been the practice of preceding Governments of this country, it had never been admitted by the Americans. It had become the duty, then, of her Majesty's Government, in consequence of the unfortunate circumstances which had recently transpired, to inquire what were our rights; whether, if we had such rights, we should be prepared to stand by them; and whether, if we had them not, we ought not at once candidly to disclaim them. They had accordingly taken the advice of the law officers of the Crown, *whose decided opinion was that by international law we had no right of search—no right of visitation whatever in time of peace. That being so, he need not say they had thought it would be unbecoming in the British Government to delay for one moment the avowal of this conclusion.* But while they perfectly acknowledged that England had no right to visit American vessels engaged in peaceful commerce, it would, on the other hand, be wrong to say that this country should abandon the policy which had so honorably distinguished her, or that she should cease to employ her fleets in putting down the slave trade. On this point, the position taken by the British Government was exactly that which, in one of the most able State papers, had been laid down by General Cass, in his letter to Lord Napier. In that document there was this passage:

"A merchant vessel upon the high seas is protected by her national character. He who forcibly enters her does so upon his own responsibility. Undoubtedly, if a vessel assume a national character to which she is not entitled, and is sailing under false colors, she cannot be protected by this assumption of a nationality to which she has no claim. As the identity of a person must be determined by the officer bearing a process for his arrest, and determined at the risk of such officer, so must the national identity of a vessel be determined at the like hazard to him who, doubting the flag she displays, searches her to ascertain her true character. There, no doubt, may be circumstances which would go far to modify the complaints a nation would have a right to make for such a violation of its sovereignty. If the boarding officer had just grounds for suspicion, and deported himself with propriety in the performance of his task, doing no injury and peaceably retiring when satisfied of his error, no nation would make such an act the subject of serious reclamation."

This, he believed, was strictly the position which we were entitled to take by international law. The American Government had themselves acknowledged it on the face of Gen. Cass's State paper to be that which "no nation would make the subject of serious reclamation"; and this course her Majesty's Government would instruct our cruisers in future to pursue. The Hon. gentleman had also asked whether any addition had been made to our fleet in the Cuban waters. During the time that Her Majesty's Government had been in office, no such addition had taken place. And he might say further that it had necessarily come under their consideration whether the continuance of our squadron in those waters was requisite for the object which we had in view, and whether there were not also attached to its continuance there objections of another and more serious character. It was obvious that the question of maintaining a squadron on the coast of Africa was very different from the question of maintaining one on the coast of Cuba. *A squadron on the coast of Cuba was in the highway of American commerce. Each day it could not fail to meet numberless vessels of American origin peaceably engaged in trade.* And it was obvious that, as in carrying out the instructions given to them much must necessarily be left to the discretion of our officers, there must always be far greater risk of misunderstanding—if not collision—in the case of vessels in such a sea. Whereas, on the coast of Africa, where the commerce was much more scattered, it was much easier to ascertain the character of a suspicious ship than when she was among a number of other vessels pursuing lawful commerce. *It was, therefore, now under the consideration of her Majesty's Government, whether it was not more desirable at once to withdraw our squadron from the Cuban waters* The original plan by which that blockade was instituted, he was free to confess, was adopted at the suggestion of the American Government; but neither that Government nor the Government of this country at that time saw the grave objections to which it had since become liable. The honorable member had further asked him whether any additional instructions had lately been sent to this squadron. Now, there were the instructions to which the honorable member for Birmingham had alluded, and which were issued to our cruisers on the coast of Africa, at the time when Lord Aberdeen held office under Sir Robert Peel. His right honorable friend at the head of the Admiralty had found it necessary, since he came into office, to give even more stringent instructions, enjoining still greater caution and discretion on our commanders in the Cuban waters. Whether any instructions had been previously issued which had given rise to this increased activity on the part of our cruisers, he was not in a position to state. All he could say on the part of the present Government was that their earliest efforts were directed to inculcating the greatest care and prudence on those engaged in this delicate and difficult task. He need only add that he was sure he expressed the sentiments of every man, not only in the House, but in the country, when he stated that a more fatal thing for the civilization and happiness of the world could not occur than a serious misunderstanding between ourselves and the United States. Meeting this case, as they were prepared to do, in a frank and conciliatory spirit, relying on the just sentiments of the American Government, and also of the American people when they knew the truth, he believed he was not speaking too sanguinely when he said he had a confident hope that this difference would at an early date be satisfactorily and amicably settled.

Mr. ROEBUCK observed that things had happened in America which, if properly understood, would have led to different conclusions. Mr. Fitzgerald had, in most conciliatory terms, stated the views of her Majesty's Government, which showed that he understood the delicate position in which he was placed. He (Mr. Roebuck) was bound to notice the difference of proceeding on the other side of the water; that language had been used in the American Congress, in this matter, which was not worthy of gentlemen at the head of a great nation. We were desirous of maintaining good relations with the Americans, and to defend our rights without insulting them. We were only anxious to put down a great blot upon humanity—the slave trade; and, to effect that, certain instructions had been given, and young men might have gone a little beyond their instructions. He believed, however, the officers had merely done their duty. Sure he was that the people of England were desirous of preserving friendly relations with the United States; and if we wished to put down the slave trade, it was not with the view of hurting anybody, but of benefiting mankind.

Lord J. RUSSELL, said there could be no doubt that if her Majesty's Government conducted these affairs in the very temperate spirit indicated by the honorable gentleman, the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, the House would accord them its ready support. The original instructions were issued by Lord Aberdeen, after a great deal of consultation with persons fully competent to advise him, and, among others, with Dr. Lushington. They were framed in the most temperate spirit; and after they were issued, they were communicated to the Government of the United States. During fifteen years those instructions had been acted on without any interruption to amicable relations. Now, the question arose whether the complaints that had been made had arisen from the increased vigilance—perhaps an overstepping of duty—on the part of commanders of British cruisers, or from the unwillingness of the Americans to submit to the execution of those instructions which for fifteen years they had been practically carried out? and, in either case, what was the duty of her Majesty's Government? In the first case, their duty was to restrain the over-zeal of our commanders, and it became us, as a great nation, to acknowledge and repair any wrong that had been done. If, on the other hand, the Americans were unwilling to see those instructions carried into effect, it could not be for her Majesty's Government to concert with the American Government such measures as might be necessary in such a case. It would never suit the purpose of the Americans, in carrying on their commerce on the Chinese seas, where piracy prevailed, if after a pirate ship had taken and plundered an American vessel, and perhaps killed the crew, she had only to hoist a British flag, and that flag was to protect her against examination. But, as the honorable gentleman had justly said, these were two great nations having the same regard for the rights of humanity; and he (Lord J. Russell) did not think very much consequence was to be attached to the speeches made on this subject in the American Congress. He believed the interest of those two great nations was to remain united, and he was happy to hear that, whatever was to be their decision as to the disposition of the squadron, it was not the intention of her Majesty's Government to deviate from that line of policy which we had now followed for so many years, and which policy we were justified in continuing.

Lord PALMERSTON suspected the excitement in regard to the outrages originated with the slave-traders. He also concurred with Lord John Russell in thinking it was impossible to admit the naked principle, that the hoisting of the flag of any particular country was to be taken as an unequivocal proof that the vessel belonged to the country whose flag she hoisted. It was well known that every vessel carried for signal purposes the flags of various countries; and, if the simple hoisting of the flag of England or the United States, or any of the numerous South American States, were to be admitted as a complete and sufficient proof of the nationality of the vessel, piracy of every description would roam the seas with impunity, and every country possessing a mercantile navy would soon feel the disastrous consequences of such an admission (hear, hear). He had not understood the honorable gentleman, the Under-Secretary, to have stated that the Government had adopted that principle to the extent to which he had referred.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. DISRAELI) had listened with very great satisfaction to the observations of the noble lord, the member for London, and thought that the best answer to the violent speeches that had been made in the American Senate would be the calm and dispassionate discussion that had taken place that evening. His honorable friend, the Under-Secretary, in his statement on the part of the Government, had not stated what he (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) might mention, that without conceding the point to which the noble lord had just referred, and which they had not in any way conceded, her Majesty's Government, after pointing out the terrible abuse of their flag under the present system, and that piracy of the most flagrant character might be committed, had invited the Government of the United States to favor them with their suggestions as to the mode by which such things might be prevented, and had offered to take those suggestions into consideration, and, if possible, to combine with that Government in any arrangement that might promise a satisfactory solution of the difficulties which both Governments at present experienced. They had not as yet received any answer to that proposition, but he was inclined to believe that it would be received by the Government of the United States in the same spirit as it had been offered. His honorable friend had so fully entered into the question, as far as at present we were masters of the details, that it was not necessary, nor indeed would it be convenient, for him (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) to go at any length into the subject. He confessed he looked forward with great confidence that the existing misconceptions would soon disappear, and that their occurrence now would lead to an understanding upon this subject that would prevent a renewal of them hereafter. He was sure that both the American Government and the American people, when they had examined thoroughly this subject, and had paused and pondered over all that had occurred, would feel that it was for the advantage of both countries, and for the benefit of civilization, that there should be some clear understanding as to the united course which both Governments should take upon this matter. Far from being alarmed, he was not displeased to hear that American ships-of-war had been sent to the Cuban waters, because the crews of those vessels would themselves be witnesses of what was taking place there, and he did not doubt that they would act with the same promptness and fidelity they had shown on other occasions, and to which the noble Lord, the member for Tiverton, had borne witness. There was also another reason why he took no gloomy view of our relations with the United States, however threatening they might appear. It was because upon all the great principles of policy which influenced the system of the United States there was between the Government of that country and that of her Majesty, generally speaking, a complete accordance. We witnessed with no jealousy the general expansion of the United States; we did not find in the general course of their policy any cause of jealousy or distrust on our part; and, knowing that there was in general among the public men of America a sincere desire to cultivate friendly relations with the Government and people of this country, he could not allow an accidental ebullition to induce him to believe that a policy founded upon deep reflection and an intimate acquaintance with the mutual interests of the two countries could be terminated or in any way disturbed by circumstances which could only be regarded as of a transient nature, and which, if considered as of a minatory nature, assumed a far more serious character than their essential merits could justify.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

From The London Times, June 19.

There is an end of our differences with the States upon this disagreeable subject. We have yielded all they asked, and we were wise in doing so, because substantially they had the right on their side as to the question of law. With regard to that of policy, as the blockade of the Cuban waters was adopted at the suggestion of the Government of the United States, and as they have taken a different view of the course to be pursued, it is no business of ours to compel them to consistency.

Having said this much with regard to the concessions which have been made on the part of our Government, we may add the expression of our belief that nine-tenths of the "outrages" about which so much disturbance has been made in the United States depend upon no better foundation than vulgar and unfounded clamor. If an American ship was hailed by a British war steamer, and asked where from and whither bound, straight this harmless act was called an "outrage." In another case the captain of another English war steamer civilly hails an American ship, and expresses a wish to communicate with her. The American skipper assents, whereupon a boat from the British steamer drops alongside, an officer steps on board, and requests to know, as before, where the ship was from and whither bound, saying nothing whatever about papers. The British officer then asks if he can be of any service to the American; the offer is declined, with thanks, and so he takes his leave. Is not this enough to send a true patriot into convulsions? In the face of outrages so fearful should not the North and South forget their internal feuds, and unite in one vigorous effort to maintain the honor of their common country? A good deal was made, in the course of the dispute, of a series of outrages alleged to have been perpetrated at Sagua la Grande. An American brig reaches port from that place. "Her captain says she was not troubled by the British, and he believes two-thirds of the stories in circulation about outrages, &c., are *made out of whole cloth.*" We will not go so far as to say that nineteen-twentieths and a fraction of the stories with which the credulity of our American friends has been recently fed are pure fictions, but we ourselves entertain no doubt upon the subject. We are now told that the crews of the Cuban trade report that British officers generally appear anxious to avoid giving offence. The stories about their being fired into turn out to be mere hallucinations on the part of the captains. At least, according to the testimony of the mates and crews, if they were fired at, there was neither flash, smoke nor report. The groundlings of the States are, however, more easily duped by "shaves" of this kind than any other population on the earth's surface, and among those who should know better there exists, we fear, too often a desire to make political capital out of the unfounded rumors of the day.

We look upon this dispute as at an end; but the graver question still remains, whether the traditional policy of this country with regard to the slave trade is to be continued. We cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that there is a large section of the British community which regards—as their fathers did before them—the inhuman traffic in the bodies of our fellow-creatures with unmitigated abhorrence and disgust. Lord Palmerston, who through a long political career has ever been consistent to this one object, still relies upon force. As we are about to withdraw our squadron from the Cuban waters, he trusts that the British Government will urge upon that of the States to send American cruisers to Cuba. These are the opinions of the old Anti-Slavery party, expressed by one of their oldest, ablest and most consistent advocates. We believe, however, that this question of the slave trade is about to enter upon an entirely new phase. Our abhorrence of the traffic remaining just what it was, our means of repression will be different from what they have been. We sh

flag is to prove an absolute cover to any vessel over which it may float. In fact, they do not understand our Government as having broached any such doctrine. The extent to which they go is to accept the doctrine on this subject set forth in Mr. Cass's recent letter to Lord Napier, and borrowed by him from Mr. Webster. Though a vessel were covered all over, from stem to stern, with American flags, a British ship-of-war, having reasonable ground to suspect that this American character was assumed, is not to be prevented by the flag alone from paying her a visit, nor, if those suspicions should be confirmed by the visit, from making her a prize. Even if the vessel should turn out to be really American, yet Mr. Cass himself admits that "if the boarding officer had just ground for suspicion, and deported himself with propriety in the performance of his task, doing no injury and peaceably retiring when satisfied of his error, no nation would make such an act the subject of serious reclamation."

The speakers in the House of Commons all assumed that the practice of visitation by the British vessels employed in the suppression of the slave trade had never gone beyond the limit thus fixed by Mr. Cass himself, or at least that the instructions, under which they acted, did not justify them in going beyond that limit. These instructions, issued in 1844, had been settled by Lord Aberdeen after a great deal of consultation with the persons best qualified to advise, including Dr. Lushington and Sir George Cockburn, high authorities in international law. They had been communicated to the American Government, and had been approved by Mr. Webster, then Secretary of State, and had been acted upon for fifteen years without any interruption to amicable relations. In fact, both Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston—taking the expressed wish, we suppose, for the deed—gave our Government and navy the credit of an active and zealous coöperation, during that period, in putting an end to this "most abominable crime." Lord Palmerston fully concurred with Lord John Russell that it was impossible to admit the naked principle that the hoisting of the flag of any particular country was to be taken as an unequivocal proof that the vessel belonged to the country whose flag she hoisted. That would be to give to pirates license to roam the seas with impunity, and would soon bring about a state of things disastrous to every nation possessing a mercantile navy. And he further stated it as his understanding that the instructions of 1844 continued in force without modification as to the principles embraced in them, but only with some additional cautions as to the carrying them into effect in case of American vessels.

Mr. Disraeli, on behalf of the Government, expressly stated that they had in no way conceded the principle that the flag alone was to protect the vessel hoisting it; but they had, on the contrary, pointed out the abuses which must spring from any such concession.

It would thus seem that, according to the view taken of this subject in the British Parliament, there is no practical difference between the British instructions to their cruisers and the doctrines insisted upon in Mr. Cass's letter to Lord Napier. There is, however, it is admitted, a serious difficulty in the application of these doctrines to the blockade of Cuba, which does not exist, or only in a much slighter degree upon the coast of Africa. The blockade of the Cuban coast had been undertaken, according to the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, "at the suggestion of the American Government," yet, in carrying it out, there were difficulties which neither party had foreseen. A squadron on the coast of Cuba was in the highway of American commerce. There were vastly fewer means of forming reasonable conjectures as to the actual character of vessels transiently appearing on that coast than in the case of the few vessels scattered along the coast of Africa, and where the opportunity for observing a suspicious vessel was much more protracted. The cruisers must each day meet a multitude of American vessels. If they acted at all, they must act with promptitude. The extent to which the abuse of the American flag had been carried might be said to excite a certain degree of suspicion against every vessel that bore it. But this principle, or anything approaching to it, could not be acted upon without producing, as it had done, much irritation and loud complaints on the part of the vessels subjected to it. Under these circumstances, the British Government, it seems, has under consideration the question of abandoning that blockade of the Cuban coast, originally undertaken, in part at least, at the suggestion of our Government. This, no doubt, would be a decisive gain to the slaveholders, but at the same time it would subject Mr. Cass to new pressure on the part of the British Government, to agree to some means of putting an end to this abuse which he might find it difficult to parry.

STATE RIGHTS IN WISCONSIN.

From The Milwaukee Free Democrat.

REPLEVIN SUITS BEFORE THE STATE CIRCUIT COURT.

Judge McArthur Presiding.

[These cases are a continuation of the Garland suit, instituted for the purpose of recovering $1,000 and costs from us, for the alleged offence of aiding his pretended slave, Joshua Glover, to escape from his clutches. Under the judgment rendered in this suit, an execution was issued against us, and the presses and materials of our printing-office levied on and part of it sold. We replevied the property, and these suits were for the purpose of trying titles with the slave-catcher, to the possession of our printing-office. The case came on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock.—Editor Free Dem.]

SHERMAN M. BOOTH vs. JONATHAN E. ARNOLD. } James H. Paine & Byron Paine for plaintiff.

SHERMAN M. BOOTH vs. S. V. R. ABLEMAN and GEORGE COGSWELL. } J. E. Arnold & N. J. Emmons for defendants.

The issue being joined, Mr. Arnold undertook to show that this action could not lie because of a defect in the affidavit, and because under the statutes, the writ of replevin could not be brought in this case. He said the Court had no jurisdiction of this case. He read the Personal Liberty act, approved Feb. 19th, 1857, and maintained that it was unconstitutional. The State of Wisconsin, he said, had no power to enlarge or curtail the jurisdiction of the U. S. Courts. He read from the speech of Moses M. Strong, and a love epistle, of which we could not see the point.

Byron Paine, Esq., replied that he never based this cause on the Personal Liberty act, or on any State law. We rest the case on the void judgment of the United States District Court. The affidavit of the plaintiff is all sufficient, and is just what he would have made without any new law. If the judgment was void, it was competent for the Legislature to provide a remedy.

Mr. Emmons argued that this Court had no jurisdiction of the case: that if the Fugitive act was unconstitutional and void, it would have no effect whatever, and the judgment would be valid.

Mr. Paine replied that the motion was to dismiss for defect in the affidavit. The affidavit followed the old law verbatim.

The Court decided that the case should go on.

Mr. Arnold presented the judgment of the U. S. District Court as evidence, and, having the opening of the case said he should not argue the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave act. It has been decided valid too often by the Federal Courts, to require argument.

Mr. Byron Paine regarded these as very important cases, involving the question of State Rights. If all the rights the State has are the rights which the U. S. Courts please to give it, it has *no* rights. These cases will test the question whether the States have any rights. He rested this case on these points:

1. The U. S. District Court is a Court of limited jurisdiction, having no power save what the Constitution gives it. *12th Peters, p. 57, and 12th Curtis; 3d Wis. Reports, Booth & Rycraft, p.* 178.

The only authority of the U. S. District Court in these cases, is the Acts of Congress of 1793 and 1850. This claim is founded, by the terms of the declaration, solely on the act of 1850.

2. The Fugitive Slave act of 1850 is unconstitutional and void. He argued it briefly but strongly. There was no authority in the Constitution for Congress to legislate for the recapture of slaves. He reviewed the Prigg case, and said the claim rested on assumption, without a shadow of foundation.

3. If the Fugitive Slave act is unconstitutional and void, the U. S. District Court had no jurisdiction over this case—over the subject matter. It was an action to recover a debt for a penalty. The term debt only designates the *class* of cases to which it belongs. *Chemung Canal Bank vs. Judson, 4th Selden, p.* 254.

4. The Circuit Court can inquire into the jurisdiction of the U. S. District Court, collateral or otherwise, and if it has no jurisdiction then it may declare the judgment void. But if the Court has jurisdiction of the person and the subject matter, its jurisdiction may not be inquired into. He cited a large number of authorities State and Federal to prove his position.

Mr. Emmons subscribed to the doctrine that there is no express power of Congress to legislate for recapturing fugitive slaves. For the purpose of this case, I admit the act to be void, or that there is not and never was such law. But he contended that if the law were void, and if there were no law authorizing the judgment, yet after Judge Miller had decided the case, that decision was law, and could not be enquired into, and this Court had no jurisdiction of the case.

TUESDAY MORNING.

Gen. Paine responded in behalf of the plaintiff in a speech of an hour and a half, replying to Mr. Arnold, and recapitulating the positions maintained by Judge Paine. He said we were met yesterday by a barricade consisting of the judical record of Judge Miller, the buncombe speech of Moses M. Strong, and a love letter, and he regarded the love letter as the weightiest document. He criticised scarply the course of Judge Miller, and said that it might be sport to the slave-catcher and his counsel to mulct us in the sum of $1,300, for speaking our mind of the Missouri pirate, yet it was a matter of great importance to his client and the citizens of this State. He argued at considerable length the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave act. We may report the speech hereafter at some length, as it was an able exposition of a very important subject.

Mr. Arnold replied, admitting much of what had been said in regard to State Rights, but denying its application to this case. It applied to white men but not to niggers. The difference between this was, that Gen. Paine saw in a negro the embodiment of Liberty and Humanity, while he saw in him an unfortunate subject of property. But he should not argue this question at length because he supposed the question would go up to the Supreme Court of this State, and the Supreme Court of the United States.

He urged that the U. S. District Court had jurisdiction of the case, and that its decision was conclusive. He also argued that the plaintiff rested his case on the Personal Liberty act—though our counsel expressly disclaimed it—which, he contended, was unconstitutional. He eulogised the Federal Courts, and intimated pretty broadly that our State Courts were no better than they should be. He also insisted that this Court was bound by oath to disregard the decision of the Supreme Court of this State, if it believed the Fugitive Slave act constitutional.

The Court took the papers, and will give a decision in in a few days.

THE CASE DECIDED.

Judge McArther announced his decision this morning, in the cases of Sherman M. Booth against Jonathan E. Arnold and Stephen V. R. Ableman. These suits were brought by S. M. Booth, as our readers are aware, to recover possession of his press and other property, seized on executions issued from the U. S. District Court, on the judgment recovered by Garland against him, for alleged violations of the Fugitive Slave law. Judge McArthur said that the constitutionality of that law had been passed on by our Supreme Court. They had discharged Mr. Booth from imprisonment after he had been indicted, convicted and sentenced under the act. And the same principle which they then decided, would apply to these suits and require his property to be released when held under executions issued under the same law. It had been intimated that the act might be operative in some of its provisions though invalid as to others. But the Court had decided it to be unconstitutional because it did not provide a trial by jury for the person seized; and as the recapture of the person seized constituted the whole object of the law, if unconstitutional in that, he could not conceive how it could be operative in any particular. He said he dissented from many positions of the Court, but he should follow its decision from a regard to proper judicial subordination. He accordingly directed judgment in both suits for the plaintiff.

SUNDAY RECREATIONS IN RICHMOND.

The testimony before a Coroner's inquest lately held in the neighborhood of Richmond, Virginia, and reported in the papers of that city, presents a rather striking picture of domestic life and Sunday recreations, and the beauties of the peculiar institution in that State.

The body upon which the inquest was held was that of a negro woman named Cora, belonging to the estate of a Mr. Fox, and hired out to one Richard H. Barnes. The jury of inquest, on proceeding to the residence of Mr. Barnes, on Maddox Hill, found the woman Cora lying dead in the back yard, near a small mulberry tree, between the dwelling-house and kitchen. Hanging from the tree is a small chain, three or four feet long, fastened to a limb some five or six feet from the ground. In one of the links of this chain, some seventeen inches from the lower end, was a padlock, said to have been used in fastening the chain around the woman's neck, from which it had been broken off since her death. There was an indentation, as if made by a cord or chain, on the right side of her throat, and also on the right side of the ear; but the jury particularly noticed, and called the attention of the reporters to the fact, that the countenance was placid and the eyes closed, as if in a pleasant slumber; by way of inference, we suppose, that with all the prejudice entertained by ignorant people against being strangled, it is a very easy death, and one which a slave woman might well be content with.

The only white persons who could give any information to the jury were Mr. Richard H. Barnes himself, and one John W. Baker, who represented himself as manager for Barnes, and whom that person described as a young man who lived with him to tend the garden and make himself generally useful. Mr. Barnes's wife and family were absent, and had been for some time, and the only other persons on the premises were three negro children, one of whom, five or six years old, was a son of Cora's. Mr. Barnes, it seems, came home from church one Sunday, about 1 o'clock, and proceeded to improve the sermon by cutting Cora over the neck and shoulders with a cowhide. He whipped her, according to the testimony of Baker, "because she would not submit to him." She was submissive to Mrs. Barnes, but would not submit to him. This is a little equivocal; but according to Barnes's own testimony, the lack of submission consisted only in negligence about getting his Sunday dinner, and special carelessness in not putting the salt on the table. He threatened to whip her, as he had done before, for similar negligences, to which she "rudely" replied that she had never been whipped in her life. Whereupon, as if at once to put a stop to that boast, Mr. Barnes took down a small cowhide hanging in the dining-room—all ready for use—and gave her four or five cuts across her shoulders and over her clothes. To this Cora, addressing herself to Baker and Barnes, made the following response: "Mas John and Mas Dick, if you will let me see my son once more, you may take a knife and cut my throat from ear to ear." It would seem from this that the woman had been separated from her child—perhaps because she would not submit to Mr. Barnes—but no questions were asked upon this point, and no further light is thrown upon it. For this piece of insolence, Mr. Barnes—advised to do so, as he says, by Baker, but, as Baker insists, of his own mere motion—resolved to give her "a good whipping." He asked Baker to hold her, but she was so strong as to throw him off repeatedly when he attempted to seize her hands. Then they got a cord, and tied her hands behind her. Baker then stood in front of her, and held up her clothes, while Barnes stood behind and whipped her. This, it seems, is what they call in Virginia "a good whipping"—at least, in the case of a woman. But it being Sunday, and Barnes having just returned from church, he resolved to give an instance of Christian moderation. He restricted himself to twenty or thirty blows. The jury, having examined the body, found on the thighs several marks—probably twenty, apparently caused by a whip or rawhide, and upon the back some few similar marks; but, as the reporters note with care, "the skin was not cut in a single place." Cora, however, was not subdued, whereupon Barnes told Baker to take her down to Lumpkin's jail. To give Baker time to dress—such, at least, is the testimony—they got a small chain, used by Baker to put around his boy's leg (the negro boy's, we suppose) to keep him out of mischief. This chain they put around the woman's neck, and fastened to the mulberry tree, she saying not a word, but looking very stubborn. This done, Baker went out of doors, while Barnes lit his pipe and lay down on a lounge to smoke, reflecting, doubtless, meanwhile, on the sermon he had lately heard, and the comforts and duties of Christian slaveholders. In about twenty minutes, however, these pious reflections were interrupted by Baker running in and saying he believed Cora had killed herself. Barnes stated that about ten minutes before, he had gone to the kitchen, passing Cora by the way, who then seemed perfectly well. Having finished dressing, he returned again to the back yard, and saw her leaning forward, bearing her weight upon the chain and the tree; and having called Barnes, upon breaking the lock and taking off the chain, they found her dead.

Such was the testimony of the master and the man, but the physicians who examined the body found the left temple much contused, but with no external marks indicating the cause of the contusion. They did not think that these bruises could have been caused by the chain about the neck, as the pressure of that was under the right ear. It might have been caused by a fall or a blow, and might have been the occasion of death. There was effusion of blood on the brain, which was the immediate cause of death, and which might have been produced not only by a blow, but by severe choking, or by great passion and excitement, the jury must determine which. Barnes and Baker could or would give no account of this bruise. They denied positively that the woman was struck on the head or choked, and represented her as walking quietly to the tree to which she was chained. The jury returned a very non-committal verdict, that the woman "came to her death by congestion of the brain while fastened to a tree by a chain, the chain having been put about her neck by R. H. Barnes and J. W. Baker." The inquiry in this case was pushed with the greater particularity, because Barnes was merely the hirer, against whom the owner might have an action for damages.—*Tribune.*

THE FRENCH EMIGRATION-SCHEME ILLUSTRATED.

A recent occurrence on the coast of Africa is cited in the English papers, as affording additional proof that the pending French scheme for the importation of nominally free and voluntary laborers from the coast of Africa into the French colonies is little, if anything, better than the revival of the slave trade, under a new name. One of the vessels fitted out for this business from the port of Nantes bore the name of the Regina Cœli, or Queen of Heaven, her owners emulating, it would seem, the piety of Hawkins, the first English slave-trader, whose vessel was called the Jesus. The vessel with this religious name, after cruising for a month in the neighborhood of Cape Palmas, succeeded in getting on board some five hundred free emigrants, so called, many of whom, however, it was thought best to secure by putting them in irons. The emigrants, it seems, did not relish this style of free emigration, and one day, when the captain was ashore at Manna, on the coast of Liberia, with a boat's crew of six men, a portion of the negroes, who were being treated to fresh air on deck, fell upon the ship's company who remained on board, and having possessed themselves of arms, killed the whole, except the surgeon and two sailors, whom they saved to navigate the vessel. This occurred on the 8th of April. On the 13th of April, a part of the negroes, variously stated at from one hundred to two hundred and fifty, threw themselves into the sea, in the hopes of reaching the shore, but as they successively landed, they were all killed by the captain and his confederates.

These events became known at Monrovia, through the application, it would seem, of the French captain, for twenty-five men to help him recover his vessel; and the steamer Ethiope, belonging to the West African Navigation Company, having arrived there on the 14th, the captain was requested by President Roberts, who himself accompanied the expedition to recapture the Regina Cœli—a request seconded by the French consul at Monrovia. Capt. Croft of the Ethiope sailed forthwith, and the next morning discovered the Regina Cœli quite unmanageable near the shore. As soon as the people on board saw the British flag, they hung out a white shirt, and when she came within hailing distance, expressed by various signs their happiness at seeing a British vessel, and their readiness to submit to her. President Roberts went on board, and completed their satisfaction by assurance that they should be taken to Monrovia. According to the account which the negroes gave of themselves, the greater part had been brought from the interior, according to the usual course of the slave trade, and had been purchased for the ship in the usual way. Others had gone on board as laborers, but had found themselves suddenly seized, put in irons, and shut up in the hold.

Upon arriving at Monrovia, the negroes were set at liberty, while the ship itself was libeled by the captain of the Ethiope for salvage. The *Courrier des Etats Unis* is very little satisfied, we observe, with the style in which this story is told by the English papers. That paper is quite indignant that the "unfortunate ship" and her crew should be spoken of as engaged in the slave trade, insisting that they are not less worthy of interest and compassion than other mariners to whom like mishaps have befallen while engaged in the Chinese cooly business—a point as to which we perfectly agree with it.

The affair, however, at the latest accounts, was not yet ended. The French captain, it seems, of the Regina Cœli, when he saw the Ethiope approach, put off in his boat, and demanded that the vessel should be at once delivered up to him, claiming that he had never been out of possession, inasmuch as he had still remained in the neighborhood, engaged in attempts to get on board. The captors, however, claimed salvage, and on his refusal to pay any, had taken the ship into Monrovia, and had libeled her, as already stated. Thereupon, the captain had applied to the commander of the French naval force on the West coast of Africa, who had sent two threatening despatches to President Roberts, demanding that the French captain should be again placed in possession of his vessel illegally seized by the Ethiope, and further that the murderers concerned in the revolt should be seized and delivered up—a description under which he doubtless intends to include all the negroes on board. It remains to be seen how this matter will end, and whether or not it will result in hostilities waged by the French against the Republic of Liberia.—*Tribune.*

A VIRGINIAN FARMER MURDERED BY HIS SLAVES

Correspondence of The New York Times.

Surry County, Va., Sunday, June 20.

A citizen residing in this County, on the James River, at a place called and known as Chestnut Farm, was brutally murdered on Wednesday night last by three of his slaves. He had gone out about 6 o'clock in the evening, to inspect his farm. As he did not return at the usual time, some of the servants were sent out to look for him, but returned without any tidings of his whereabouts. His family, becoming seriously alarmed, instituted at once a most thorough search for him. At about 10 o'clock the body of the missing man was found in a low ravine, some distance from the house. It was beaten, bruised, mangled, disfigured, and covered with dirt. The face was fearfully cut to pieces, the head mashed in several places, and some of the ribs were broken. The arms were tied behind with a cord, and the neck had the appearance of having had a rope around it, by which the body had been drawn some distance across a small creek or stream to the spot where it was found. A heavy stick, or club, about eight feet in length, with blood upon it, was found near by, which evidently had been the murderous weapon used to kill him. The body was removed to the house, and all the slaves upon the premises were at once called up and examined separately before a jury of inquest, which was speedily summoned. The facts brought out convinced the jury that a boy *only fourteen years of age*, named Madison, was the guilty murderer. This slave-boy is remarkably stout, large, and well-developed in point of muscular power.

Madison had changed his clothes, which at once excited suspicion. Upon search being instituted, those which he had left off were found covered with blood and dirt. On presenting the clothes to the fellow, he became frightened and acknowledged the dreadful deed. At first, however, he confessed that he was only present at the shocking scene, and that a negro named Cato threw a rope over his master's head, while another named Isaac had dealt the fatal strokes. He further confessed that after these blows which felled him to the earth, he was dragged by the rope around his neck to the woods where he was found, and then cruelly beaten again.

The field in which the slaves murdered their master is some distance from the house, and the servants were there occupied in planting peas. He walked down to see how they were getting along, when he was attacked and assassinated. The slave Madison also stated that his master prayed for mercy while they were inflicting the blows, and when he saw they would kill him, besought with his dying breath the Lord to have mercy upon his soul.

Mr. Watkins was at one time a tobacco merchant in the city of Petersburg, where he was highly esteemed. He was a worthy citizen and a consistent member of the Methodist Church. He had endeavored to discharge well his duties in all the relations of life; and toward his servants he had always, it is said, been kind and indulgent. What could have induced the negroes to the commission of the horrible deed is beyond comprehension.

Though not exceedingly wealthy, Mr. Watkins was well off, and dispensed his hospitalities with a courteous and generous hand. His handsome mansion is upon a high bluff, just below Carter's Landing, on the James River, and has attracted the attention of passengers on the steamers plying up and down the noble James. It is a fine, spacious edifice, painted white, and surrounded by a cluster of beautiful shadowy trees.

He leaves quite a family, suddenly plunged into the deepest affliction. A wife, highly esteemed, and six fine children, besides a mother, sisters, and brothers, with all of whom there existed a devoted attachment, were thus, without intimation, awfully and painfully bereaved. An intense excitement prevails throughout the community at this untimely and terrible assassination. Of course, the three negroes are lodged in jail, to await the form of a trial for the murder, for which, beyond a doubt, they will swing from the scaffold, and that at no distant day.

When the body was found, the gold watch belonging to deceased was missing, and so was his hat. The boy denied all knowledge of them, but upon being threatened with a severe lashing, he produced them. A knife and a key were also missed, which the boy also produced, after denying that he knew anything of them. The hat was hidden near where the body was found, but the watch had been buried at the foot of a tree close by the house. What their motives could have been is yet a mystery.

Yours, James River.

SALE OF THE CHAIRS IN THE OLD HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

From The Washington Union, June 29.

Notwithstanding the sacred memories which cluster around the old Hall of Representatives, the sanctity which it has obtained by reason of the great deeds accomplished within its walls, there was a scene witnessed there yesterday morning entirely unprecedented. In that grand old place, the eloquence of a Clay, a Calhoun, has charmed and electrified the nation, but never before has the full, round voice of the auctioneer appealed to the cupidity or acquisitiveness of an audience. Devoted exclusively to the legislation of the whole Union, who could have thought that the time would come when all its appointments would be sold under the hammer to the highest bidder?

By 10 o'clock, at least one hundred persons were in the hall, a number of them ladies. The interest manifested in the sale, the patience with which the spectators and the purchasers followed the auctioneer from desk to desk and chair to chair, was worthy of imitation. The furniture was all of solid mahogany, and the prices, instead of being uncommonly low, exceeded the expectations of many who thought to procure great bargains. A considerable portion of it was in a damaged condition, and so great was the competition where competition was least expected, that a single arm-chair, with a writing accompaniment, was knocked down at ten dollars and a quarter, instead of the five or six dollars that the purchaser had made up his mind to give. These old chairs, many of them with screws loose, brought an average of three dollars apiece, and the carpet was sold at about eight cents a yard.

The opening announcement of the auctioneer, Mr. Fisher: "Terms cash; nothing delivered until paid for," we feared would dampen the spirits of bidders; but, as that worthy gentleman commenced with andirons (Congressional andirons, mind you), which were knocked down at a very low figure, confidence seemed to be perfectly restored, and from that time to the end of the sale there was no flagging, no hesitation in the bidding. The first of the desks of the old members sold was that occupied for so many years by the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio, who, until the last session of Congress, was remarkable for his persistent opposition to the institution of slavery and its extension. When the desk was put up, we looked around for Black Republicans, supposing that they would be eager to obtain the prize. After a moment's pause, one of them went "a dollar-and-a-half," a second feebly cried out "a dollar seventy-five," while a third articulated "two dollars." It was here that we thought the bidding would cease, so long did the auctioneer dwell upon that word "two dollars, going, going, going;" but just as the word "gone!" was struggling for utterance, a fourth gentleman bid "two-and-a-quarter," and the desk was sold.

The desk and chair occupied by Hon. John Quincy Adams brought $50. The bidding for this furniture was quite animated, and it was remarked by the bystanders, that in Massachusetts it would command $500. The desks occupied by Colonel Benton and Mr. McDuffie, of South Carolina, brought $6 25 apiece; the desk occupied by Colonel Brooks run up to $9, and that used by Governor Wise sold for $7. Upon the remainder of the furniture the bidding was very brisk, and the competition became very great. We understand that the total sales amounted to between two and three thousand dollars.

Class Day at Harvard College.—Friday was Class Day at Harvard College. A large proportion of the audience were ladies. The Germania Band of Boston opened the services with music. Rev. Prof. Huntington then offered an impressive prayer, which was followed by an oration by Henry Brooks Adams of Quincy. At its conclusion, music was discoursed by the band, after which George Washington Copp Noble of Somersworth, N. H., delivered a poem. It was a noteworthy and meritorious production. The exercises of the church were concluded with the singing of an ode, composed by Wm. Gilchrist Gordon of New Bedford. At 3 o'clock, p. m., came the dance upon the green. A large plot of ground had been enclosed in front of the college buildings, and a stand erected for the band. At the appointed hour for the dance, from the college halls came an army of beauty, which was speedily and gallantly marshalled upon the green. The band commenced with a spirited air, during which "sets" were formed upon the green carpet of the earth, and under the shade of the close embowering elms the dance commenced. There was ample room to "forward and back" and "promenade," and crinoline for once had all the necessary accommodations. Large numbers of people were stationed outside the inclosure, and gazed with intense interest upon the movements of the gay throng. After a season of outdoor enjoyment the company repaired to Harvard Hall, there to more generally participate in the pleasures of the dance. To those who participated, this was no doubt the most interesting of the day's exercises. At about 8 o'clock the members of the Senior Class gathered around the "old elm" and observed the old time-honored custom of joining hands around the venerable tree, singing the while "Auld Lang Syne."—*Boston Journal.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1858.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH.

The Mr. Legalities of Commerce, and their sons, the Mr. Civilities of Diplomacy ("pretty young men," who, as Bunyan's Mr. Wordlywiseman suggests, "might lift off the burden of sin almost as well as the old gentlemen themselves"), have tried in vain among them to settle the question of the Right of Search.

It must always be in vain for them. Such a fundamental question as this cannot be settled for uneasy nations by their Aberdeens or their Stevensons, their Websters or their Ashburtons, their Casses or their Napiers. It springs out of depths which their rapacious habits of mind on one side, and the trammels of their official action on the other, by no means permit them to penetrate—from the same root with the Right of Asylum, in the needs, sympathies, instincts, conscience of human nature, whether in its individual capacity or in the national aggregate.

So men and nations have felt from time immemorial; and whenever the end was public safety from outrage and the prevention of wrong, the degree of alacrity with which they have provided in some regular way for the exercise of the indispensable means—whether by warrant on land or by treaty at sea, thus avoiding war by coöperation to prevent breaches of the peace—marks the degree of their civilization.

Under the habits of thought, feeling and action that sought these means, the world grew better. Human life became more valuable as human rights became more sacred, and the world rose into a moral rank to brand the slave trade as piracy.

From that hour, if there could have been one human right more identified with peace, or more entitled to legal guarantee than another, it was the right of search. But one of the high contracting parties, in affixing the brand of pirate upon the slave-trader, was playing the hypocrite. The ruling influences of that party were slave-owners; and they only consented, upon protective principles, to the fulfilment of their contract of twenty years before; and their protective principle, it must be noted, was not the protection of human nature from plunder and pillage, but its protection from competition as a matter of merchandise. "Our vigintial crop," they had said in 1789, "will be ready in 1808 for the market. Let that, then, be the first year of a protective tariff upon our domestic slave trade—the abolition of the slave trade upon the coast of Africa." They were then ashamed, if not afraid, to discriminate in so many words respecting a thing so disagreeable, just as they alternately paled and blushed over another article in the basis of their new government, by which they made it a slave-hunting convenience—the freeman's curse and shame.

This was the beginning of the base and futile attempt in the North American States to blend things so incompatible, so repulsive and so mutually destructive, as Freedom and Slavery: things which can never meet without explosion, any more by sea than by land. For there is a guilt like that of Pilate, which *water* cannot wash away—the guilt of innocent blood shed defenceless, when rulers, who should be a terror to evil doers, shuffle off, under threat of danger or temptation of cupidity, their deliberately assumed responsibilities.

We have not now to discuss the legitimacy of human government, nor the righteousness of physical force; but to condemn with the strongest indignation the base inconsistency of every government that sins against its only claim to existence by shirking the duty of protection, whether from robbery on land or piracy by sea.

But whenever the time comes for whetting up the weapons of justice, our government always has the slaveholder's private axe to grind. This is what makes all the lashing and threatening, all the swearing and assassination, all the flinging of mud and dust, all the shamidiocy with which the world is from time to time disgusted and astonished in the political-capital mill at Washington.

The British Government, acting with us in this matter with a good faith, discretion and courtesy worthy of all acknowledgment, has once and over again, for a series of years, disclaimed any right or desire to search *American* vessels—"slavers or not" (as, in deference to the home slave trade of the United States, Lord Aberdeen said in 1842). But there are none so stupid as those who *will* not discriminate; and so we hear from the astutest Americans the absurdest assertions, and the hollowest pretences. There is something horribly belligerent, it would seem, in keeping the peace! in lifting a suspected ship's hatchway according to the international agreement (which pledges "best endeavors"), under risk of being mistaken! the precise risk under which every law-process is executed!

So the Right of Search is dressed up as a scare-crow. It *is* the safeguard of the weak; it is *called* the tyranny of the strong. It *is* the wisdom and the instinct of humanity; it is *called* "Malignant Philanthropy and Quixotism." It *is* the fruit and seed of civilization; it is *called* the barbarizing and demoralizing policy of an arrogant European power, jealous of the young giant of America. It *is* the protection of a free trade; it is *called* the intolerable embarrassment and obstruction of American commerce. It *is* the honest seaman's security from the pirate; it is *called* the invasion of sailor's rights. It *is* for the use of all nations; it is *called* an outrage on the part of any.

Its supporters, too, can give it names and mitigate its forms. As a right of "visitation" it *is* a more reservedly courteous fulfilment of an indispensable international obligation; and then it is *called* an insult! As the right of approach, it *is* the endeavor of one party to do, under disadvantage, the whole duty of ascertainment and identification which slavery refuses to *allow* the other party to facilitate; and this is *called* the worst outrage of all. There has been more umbrage taken by Americans at a sight of the whites of British eyes on the decks of British cruisers than at the customary salute that bids a suspected vessel heave to.

"A cat may look upon a king," it has been till now thought by the concentrated wisdom of these two nations. It may be so, but a British eye must not look beneath the American flag for an African slaver. "Perish *credit*, perish commerce," rather than subject slaveholders and their deeds to the eyes of the world, that are turning upon them with a fixity of contempt that is of all other means most discountenancing.

"This Right of Search may be abused"; so may the Bible and the writ of Habeas Corpus. "It *has* been abused"; let it be so no more; but, no matter what the base may *call* it, LET IT BE SUSTAINED; for it is the only means of ascertaining the fact of piracy and saving the American flag from dishonor.

Now, after noting that, by the undeniable principle of public law, grounded in the nature of things, *independently of and antecedent to treaty*, the regularly commissioned officials of every nation have a right to ascertain, by a sight of her papers, the nationality of the flag under which the vessel sails the high seas common to all—let us inquire what is our actual legal condition by treaty, with regard to the slave trade ("I mean, sir, the *foreign* slave trade"; as Judge Sprague said when the Southern planters' and merchants' circulars were sent North, like dog-collars, in 1835, bidding him and his fellows bay at the very light of heaven in denial of its right of visitation).

We have seen from whence we started in 1808. Next came the war of 1812, in resistance of the Right of Search. The *cry* was, "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights;" the *purpose* was, slavery on the ocean under the American flag. Four years had disposed of the first "vigintial crop," and the Virginian slave-breeder began to take a longer than twenty years' sight. Supposing the credit of slavery to be restored by new measures, it might serve him better in politics than in commerce. From commercial capital it might become political power. But it could not be made immediately convertible, under the combined condemnation of England and of the North, beneath the pressure of a fruitless war. So the treaty of Ghent was made in 1814, by the terms of which, we, the United States, declare that "the traffic in slaves is irreconcilable with the principles of humanity and justice"—that "we are desirous of *continuing*" "to *coöperate* with England for its ENTIRE ABOLITION"—and that "it is hereby agreed that *both* contracting parties *shall use their best endeavors* to accomplish so desirable an object."

Thus stood and thus stands the Right of Search, unshaken by all the American denials of it in the green waters that wash the nests of the pirates of the Gulf—unharmed by their aggravated English echoes about blue water everywhere; unchanged by all the obstacles Americans have thrown in the way of its exercise, when a strong suspicion has arisen as to a vessel's character and purposes. From the leaders of the Senate to their followers of the House, from the President to the Secretary of the Navy, from the Counting-house to the Consulate, from the Secretary of State's office at home to the Ambassadorial saloon of reception and the diplomatic dinner abroad, one may track American slavery in its disgraceful doublings of fraud and force.

There has been, however, one American tribunal where, according to Wheaton, in the case of the Marianna Horce, if our memory serves, the judge said in substance (we have not the volume at hand at this moment to cite textually)—*that government ships of war have, in time of peace, a right to approach, visit and search other vessels at sea to verify their nationality and ascertain their character and purposes.* The stranger might be puzzled to know why this sensitive American people should gather out of the past for honor the name of an Englishman, in the case of the Louis, and exalt him as an authority, and omit to mention a prophet of their own, when his name would do honor to their flag and to their country.

But the Right of Search—the *only* means of detecting piracy, and preserving the American flag from being set apart for its protection, has stood greater shocks than these.

Thus stood and thus stands, at this hour, unchanged, either by the tampering of Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Webster and Mr. Cass in later years, or by the selfish senatorial bullying by which our country has just been disgraced, the contract with Great Britain. Neither the cautious Lord Aberdeen, nor the commercial Lord Ashburton, nor the courteous, resolute Lord Napier has ever dreamed of yielding by treaty a hair's breadth of that peaceful, essential right of visitation which exists in the nature of things, for which every principle of public law demands a specific guarantee, and which our slaveholding policy endeavors in vain to brand as belligerent, by purposely confounding it with the seizure of sailors and supplies on board neutral vessels in time of war.

All that politeness and patience can do to get this right exercised and recognized, Great Britain has done. She has even waived its exercise, when the soft answer that turns wrath and the "courtesy that is a power" were the only becoming reply to the late profoundly shocking display of bad hearts and bad manners in a bad cause.

The *timing* of this American political blunder, which is a crime against humanity—by which slaveholders thought to shield their institution and Republicans their party—is the worst offence of all. But Great Britain is not always to be under the difficulties of her Indian Government afar off, enhanced by the ignorance of her people at home; nor any longer under the necessity of recalling her cruising squadrons than France lies at the mercy of a military despot. The claim is for the moment waived, only to be renewed as soon as practicable. We affirm, in full knowledge of the British people, from the crown to the cabin, that they never will relinquish their great mission "to seek and to save that which is lost," and "to deliver him that is spoiled out of the hands of the oppressor."

Slaveholders may call them "malignant philanthropists," and slaveholders' mouthpieces may talk of "arrogant quixotism" to the satisfaction of the stockholders of the *London Times*—but they are sternly rebuked by every higher-minded American. Read it in the feeble outside wave of public opinion in the New York *Evening Post*, with its back turned, as must needs be, to its primary moving influence—the American Anti-Slavery Society (an offence which, however common and unbecoming in its lack of magnanimity, must come). See it still stronger in the warmer eddies of *The Tribune* office. Welcome it in the kindred currents of the Boston *Bee and Atlas*—the first to reprove, in spite of party displeasure, the Hale and Burlingame bluster. Watch it in the timid, though constantly advancing fluctuations of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*. Remark it in the organ of the half-roused religion of the land—*The Independent*. Mark it above the waves of the people where the strong swimmer of the West, the great-hearted Giddings, is borne onward in his claim that America shall fulfil her compact with Great Britain, for the honor of her flag, and for the security of the sea. Feel and acknowledge it where The National Anti-Slavery Standard floats over the deep central agitation of *The Liberator*, that propels all the rest, till the shaken bulwarks of the Slave Power are crumbling down; and see in all the proof, which we commend to the observation of Great Britain, that the friends of freedom in America feel neither sensitiveness nor irritation at anything that kindred nation has recently done. We wish Great Britain to exercise the right of searching pirates and liberating the slaves, however mitigated and modified in name or form the essential thing may be, because we wish this country to do the same.

We are at work to stop the American market; but we would not have, meanwhile, the blood of one single African nor the shame of one single breach of contract added to the burden of our country's iniquity.

Whatever turn events may take, they shall find us diligent, content, resolute and ready. *We* are not disgraced before the world by the action of Congress. Weakly blustering Senators are not *our* representative men. *We* have never sent them to swear to sustain what honor shrinks from, nor placed them under the torture or temptation of sitting down with slaveholders in a council expressly contrived for carrying them along

effects of fresco painting, is not unfrequently paler and feebler than suits the artist in oils. It often seems, in effect, paled, as they say, by incense-smoke—"bleuié par la fumée de l'encens"—while his happy seizure of the moment of moral interest which is best worth painting, and the instant of historic pause which can best be painted, with the tender tone of feminine feeling pervading the whole, is universally appreciated. Of this last excellence, the Christ embracing the Cross, in one of the chapels of St. Roch, is a good example. So is the Soldier's Widow; and in all his religious pictures it is more or less discernible.

It is common enough to find persons quite ready to testify to the great truths of religion everywhere but in their own appropriate sphere. We have understood here that the American poet, Longfellow (who, however really opposed to slavery, does not seem to have the courage of his opinions), did not protest against his publishers when they prepared a splendid edition of his poems, expurgated for Southern sale, upon tractarian principles. We remember, too, to have seen the plea of one of your clergymen, a Doctor of Divinity named Osgood, when, being found fault with for not preaching that slavery ought to be immediately abolished, he justified himself thus: "I hate slavery, and I am instant in season and out of season in my condemnation of it. In railroad carriages, in hotels, on board steamboats, I am most earnest in speaking against it. I have never mentioned it in my pulpit, because, if I did so, *I should grieve away some of my best people.*"

Such was not ARY SCHEFFER. He testified as a painter to the truths he acknowledged as a man. He sustained the slave's claim to freedom at the hands of Christianity, in his great picture of Christ the Consoler; and he refused to illustrate the galleries or paint the portraits of the Bonapartists. Even at the great Exposition, an opportunity so precious to the fame and fortune of artists, there was no picture of Scheffer on exhibition.

So it was with the great sculptor and republican, David d'Angers. In vain did the Imperial patron try to use him. When the attempt was found hopeless, the old statue of Talma, executed long since, was disinterred from the interior of the Louvre and placed in the parterre in front of the Tuilleries, where it can be touched from the street, freshly scraped to make it seem new, so that the public might say—"Ah, poor David d'Angers!—gone the way of the corrupted!—turned Bonapartist!"

There are in France no means of repelling such imputations. There is no Press—only government printing-offices. It is a crime to buy a copying machine, and men are imprisoned for years for having been *accused* only of having a portable printing press stored on their premises. They are made to shut up shop for selling leather memorandum books stamped with gold lilies, and collared by policemen, when in harmless conversation, with, "*Si vous êtes ami du gouvernement, pourquoi dites vous que les affaires ne marchent pas?*"

Do you wish to get up a patriotic testimonial in Paris? the Emperor will blast the plan, and the patriot's reputation with it, by sending in a subscription of ten thousand francs—the forerunner of fresh persecution and exile.

I must not omit to tell you of a circumstance that amused and interested me, at the time when we first learned that in the United States the slave had been robbed of his consolation, and the Christian religion of its glory, in the name of the Episcopal Church, and without any obstacle being interposed by the Bishops. Perhaps they never knew it, in which case they were not worthy of the name; but their offence is not merely a literary one. Their sin lies in quietly holding their fellow-creatures as slaves, and being silent in a case where silence gives consent. What they omit from the Gospel, of course their print-sellers will scrape out of engravings. But people here found it difficult to credit even the *sign* of their disgrace. When shown the original American edition of the Book of Common Prayer, with Bishop Doane's name on the back of the title-page, and the caricature of Ary Sheffer's picture in front of it, they would not believe it, till they pulled out their glasses and searched the plate over by the half inch at a time. "It is impossible but there should be some *little* slave, just scratched in *somewhere*." But no—it had been *just scratched out*. They were struck with astonishment at slaveholding impudence, book-selling cupidity, and Episcopal neglect of the fold.

We console ourselves, in view of this despotism, with smart sayings, as Paris becomes more and more *strategique*. Long ago the streets were all arranged for being swept with cannon, and the great sewers beneath for the transportation of troops. Now that something is doing in the same way to spoil the garden of the Tuilleries, we say, Cet Empereur n'est pas *Le Notre*: the great gardener of Louis Quatorze—this Emperor's *ancestor*, as he claims the great Louis to have been. This claim for his own use of the property of the hospitals ($100,000,000 worth) is another of these stupendous inventions of which necessity is the mother.

Yours truly,

———.

ANTHONY BURNS.

THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD of June 26th copies from the Virginia *Herald* a statement, said to have been made on the authority of a "reliable gentleman who has recently been North," that "the noted Anthony Burns, a fugitive slave, obtained in Boston only at the point of the bayonet, and who was afterwards purchased and set free, is now in the Penitentiary of Massachusetts for the crime of robbery."

Anthony Burns happening to be now in Boston on *free*, honest business, the above item of slaveholding news, from the "reliable gentleman who has recently been North," was shown to him. The *free* laugh he gave, and the mingled pity and contempt he expressed for his traducer was indeed a caution to all man-stealers South and their lying abettors at the North.

Anthony Burns has been pursuing his studies at Oberlin, and more recently at Fairmount, Ohio, under very encouraging auspices, and gives promise of being abundantly able to take care of himself without fear or favor of the Virginia *Herald's* mendacious correspondent.

In keeping with the above, the Boston *Journal* of June 26th, in reporting a visit of the Virginia Knight Templars to the House of Correction at South Boston, calls attention to a "friendly recognition which took place between several Colored Convicts, formerly residents of Richmond, and the Knights."

Put these two newspaper scribblings together (the one from the South, and the other from the North), and they show conclusively the fraternal relations existing between the two sections on the question of slavery. They are adapted to produce the impression that the prominent incident of freedom at the North to those who have been slaves at the South is perpetration of crime and a home in the Penitentiary; else, why this unmitigated falsehood in the case of Anthony Burns by the Virginia *Herald*, and special, isolated reference to "Colored Convicts, formerly residents of Richmond," by the Boston *Journal*?

Is not Anthony Burns more of a man than he who claimed him as property? Or he who has been *convicted* of bearing false witness against him? And those "Colored Convicts, formerly residents of Richmond," now confined for the commission of offences which are indeed but legitimate offshoots from the Upas of American slavery, are they not less criminal than those present white residents of Richmond who daily steal men, women and children?

Let those who have consciences not yet seared by pro-slavery preaching, North or South, answer. W. C. N.

Boston, June, 1858.

PERSONAL.

Martin Kosta, the Hungarian refugee, who was rescued from the Austrian authorities in 1853, by Commander Ingraham, of the United States Navy, died recently in very indigent circumstances, on a sugar plantation near the city of Guatemala.

Notwithstanding the liberal offers made by the French Emperor to Prof. Agassiz, he has determined to remain in America. It is not true that he is going to France to take the Emperor's offer into consideration. He does not feel able to leave his engrossing studies even long enough to make a visit to his aged mother in Switzerland.

Calvin W. Philleo, of Suffield, Ct., died on the 30th ult. of consumption. Mr. Philleo was a lawyer and a man of talent. He succeeded well in his literary writings. A book of his, "Twice Married," has gone through several editions here and abroad. His story in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "Akin by Marriage," was never finished, owing to his illness.

Rev. J. D. Long, author of "Pictures of Slavery," says *The Northern Independent*, is about to remove his family to Auburn, N. Y. "His health is precarious, and in the prospect of a separation from his wife and children, he is unwilling to leave them in the barbarous society of slaveholders. Such are the persecuting proclivities of slavery that Br. Long is expatriated—telling the truth is a crime in Maryland. Well, the truth is told, thank God, and if the invalid preacher has to flee from the land of his nativity in consequence of his heroic faithfulness, we trust he will meet a cordial greeting at the North, and find a safe home for his wife and children."

Charles Sumner, it seems, has been constrained to submit to a surgical operation at the hands of his Paris physician. Here is an extract of a letter, dated Paris, June 17, published in the *Boston Daily Advertiser:*

"The opinion of both physicians, approved by Dr. Geo. Hayward, of Boston, was in favor of cauterization of the spine, in order to produce counter-irritation, and in this your friend, Dr. Brown-Sequard, whose specialty is the nervous and cerebral system, fully concurred. He made several careful examinations, and came to the conclusion that there was still congestion of the integuments of the brain, as well as other abnormal conditions. When the fact was announced to Mr. Sumner, and the exact process explained of burning the neck and back with irons at a white heat, he at once said: 'Try it, without delay, in any form, and to any extent.'

"The operation was performed by Dr. Brown-Sequard, who wished Mr. Sumner to inhale chloroform. This he declined, and, refusing all anodynes, went through the painful process without a word or a wince. It has been repeated since, and will be again to-day for the *fifth time*."

THE ANTI-SLAVERY CELEBRATION OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,

At Framingham, Mass., July 5, 1858.

LEICESTER, MASS., July 6, 1858.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IT is the custom, you know, of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society to hold a special meeting on the Fourth of July, rendering honor to the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and fearlessly exposing the almost countless inconsistencies and hypocrisies which this oppressive and guilty nation has piled upon that memorable instrument, until its glories are obscured, and its spirit seems to have almost departed—indeed to have quite forsaken what are deemed the high and influential places of the land. But the old Bay State has a goodly body of sons and daughters, ultra and fanatical enough to believe that the words of the Declaration subscribed and uttered on the 4th of July, 1776, are not mere "glittering generalities," as that recreant New Englander, Rufus Choate, declared; but neither more nor less than "self-evident truths," which all men and all nations are bound to believe and adopt immediately, or will remain under a growing curse until they do. But not to prolong my preface, you will, I know, be glad to hear that the Society—true to its principle of persevering in a right and good thing, held yesterday, in the beautiful grove in Framingham, one of these meetings; and you will not be less glad to hear it was one of the very largest, most successful, and most effective ever held by them on this occasion; and this is a bold word, for the multitudes who have attended the Anti-Slavery Fourth of July Conventions in years past have borne, and will bear, a united testimony to their unsurpassed interest and excellence.

The Fourth happening on Sunday this year, the celebration of it has, by a general agreement, you know, taken place on Monday, the 5th. If the weather with you bore any resemblance to that which prevailed in our Massachusetts skies, you know it was of the most perfect kind, and most perfectly adapted to the uses of an open-air meeting. The July sun was the brightest and clearest—oppressively warm it would have been, but that a fresh North wind blew steadily all the night previous, and through the whole forenoon, making the temperature of the air comfortable and invigorating—prophetical, let us hope, and emblematical of that Northern gale of Liberty which is soon to arise and blow with resistless power over the Southland, overpowering and subduing the baleful and pestilential heats of the Sirocco of Slavery.

The Boston and Worcester Railroad Company undertook to convey from the four points of the compass all who desired to attend the meeting; and, considering that the day is a universal holiday, and that everybody is going somewhere, and a large share of them by railroad, it must be allowed that it performed its contract passably well; not that it has aught to boast of in the matter, for it did not set down its several train-loads (from Boston, Worcester, Milford, and Marlboro') at the Grove until 11 o'clock, instead of 10, as expected, and when we came to depart, furnished so tardy and insufficient a supply of cars that the hundreds returning westward were very seriously delayed. But, as we have reason to think that no accident occurred, and that all got home before a *very* late hour, we must, upon the whole, render to the Railroad Company more praise than blame. In addition to the thousand and upward coming by railroad, other thousands came in carriages and on foot, and thronged the Grove with as fine an assembly of intelligent and noble people as America can furnish on any part of her territory.

Mr. GARRISON, by general accord, was called to preside. This he did in his usual unostentatious and acceptable manner. After reading some searching passages from the Hebrew prophets, exceedingly descriptive of the degeneracy and wickedness of the American nation, he presented two series of resolutions, which called forth the strongest sentiments of approbation from the meeting generally. These will doubtless be published, and I hope your readers may have an opportunity to see them. One set was based upon the *day*, and the historical and actual *position* of the land, in regard to its empty and shameful boasts of liberty; the other upon several topics of present interest—among others upon the revival of the African slave trade, and the humiliating course recently taken by the British Government, in yielding to the cowardly bluster of our Government and Congress (including many of the Republican members), touching the right of visitation and search, in case of vessels suspected of being slave-traders.

The *speaking* of the day was of the highest order of excellence. What else could it be when the speakers were Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Chas. C. Burleigh, Andrew T. Foss, Wm. W. Brown, and Parker Pillsbury? The latter, in a brief but soul-stirring speech, denounced the false and deceptive courses practised by Republican politicians, and by such Republican journals as *The New York Tribune*, upon the people—cheating them with promises of service to Freedom, and beguiling them into all sorts of compromises and concessions to Slavery. The speech of Wendell Phillips was one of great fervor and boldness. He urged with the greatest emphasis and in every light in which it could be viewed, the paramount duty of Massachusetts to assume her right (that right so long claimed, but so villanously used by the slaveholding States in Slavery's service) of interpreting the Constitution for herself—of declaring her purpose to make her own soil free from henceforth, to protect every man who shall seek refuge there, and never again to allow a human being to be taken from her borders into slavery. This position was greeted with loud and universal approbation. He pronounced the man a KIDNAPPER, in fact and spirit, who would not assent to this, and help in making Massachusetts a truly free State. If such a man were a *minister*, then, said he, he is a *clerical kidnapper;* if a church-member, he is a *religious kidnapper;* if a Republican, he is a *Republican kidnapper*, in league with the dealers in slaves and the souls of men, and to be held up as such to deserved abhorrence. But it is in vain to try to describe this speech. Such an idea of it as an accurate phonographic report can convey, with the aid of printers' types, you will, doubtless, be able, in time, to give to your readers. The voice, the tone, the eye, the soul—these cannot so easily be made to speak from your columns.

But there were other speakers. There was Rev. Mr. Bassett, pastor of a Church in the City of Washington, who made a brief and telling speech, very encouraging in regard to the progress of freedom of thought and speech in our slavery-cursed national capital. Mr. Bassett spoke warmly of his lately-made but much respected friend, Mr. Garrison. Being in Boston, and hearing much cant and twaddle there, he had vented his wish to meet with some genuine and fearless heretics. "Oh, you will find many of them," he was told, "close by at the anti-slavery rooms." Eagerly he went thither, and found not only "the heretics, but the great heresiarch himself." He watched him closely, and neither in the grasp of his hand, the expression of his eye, the tone of his voice, nor yet in the emotions of his heart, could he discover any heresy. The worst and only fatal heresy, said Mr. B., is that of the heart. He found none of it in Mr. Garrison.

A peculiar fact concerning the speaking at this meeting was that three of the speakers were young men and new comers to our platform—none of whom had been announced, and whose appearance was as unexpected as their words proved welcome. These were Mr. Martyn of Worcester, Mr. Haywood of Hubbardston (also in Worcester County), now a student of Brown University, and Rev. Mr. Bowles of the Universalist Church in Natick. Their remarks were heard with the deepest attention, and followed by warm applause. Mr. Haywood's speech was the most extended, and was a truly remarkable specimen of rapid flow of thought, clear and fluent utterance, vivid and witty illustration, with keen yet not ill-natured satire. He is understood to be preparing for the Christian ministry, yet did not fail to speak with merited rebuke and scorn of the cowardly and false-hearted course of the Churches of the land generally. He closed with declaring himself a thorough, radical, full-blooded, uncompromising, Garrisonian Abolitionist, and said he should feel himself insulted if any other character were ascribed to him.

But all things have an end; and so did this excellent meeting; so, too, I am sure you will say, this letter should have, and that very speedily. I will only add, then, that our singing, led by the Hopedale friends, was with the spirit and with the understanding—Ralph Waldo Emerson's late Ode being among the selected pieces. On the back of the sheet which contained the hymns was reprinted, from the LIBERTY BELL of 1856, Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Curse for a Nation." Alas, dear friend, that we have such a Nation—so recreant to God, so cruel to its own poor and weak ones, so false to its own professions, so full of corruption, crime, and blind conceit. But it is our land—our native land. Must we not strive to make it better—if possible, to save it from the utter destruction on which it is rushing? May the good God strengthen us to persevere in this difficult, hated, yet most necessary and most truly honorable task, until the work is accomplished, or we are released from it.

I should have said before that THEODORE PARKER of Boston, unable by reason of infirm health, to be at the meeting, as he had designed, sent a sentiment in honor of the venerable Baron VON HUMBOLDT, whose humanity and genuine love of liberty, not less than his profound science, illumines his long and useful life. The sentiment was adopted by a unanimous and heartfelt AYE, which echoed through the Grove.

Yours for freedom, justice and righteousness,

SAMUEL MAY, JR.,

Our warmest thanks are due to Mr. May for his letter, which brings such tidings of the Framingham meeting as will thrill with joy the hearts of our readers at home and abroad. But for his prompt and generous attention, we should have had no account of that auspicious gathering for our present issue. We hope to be able, next week, to publish some of the eloquent speeches which stirred and electrified the great assembly gathered on that auspicious occasion.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CORTLAND, N. Y.

A HERETIC EXCOMMUNICATED.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE Presbyterian Church of this place, like most other Churches, contains in it some very excellent persons; but as an organization, though excessively proud and boastful of its *faith* and *piety*, it is essentially *of this world*, and worthless in the anti-slavery cause, and in the work of general reform and progress. It passed through a "revival season in the spring," but it is not observable that its *humanity* was at all deepened or widened thereby, particularly in any unpopular and unfashionable direction. It still seems to be "a cumberer of the ground" which ought to be better occupied, and is a great obstacle to the advance of liberty and the rights of man. But the few faithful ones in it have made special efforts, during the past year, to put it on to the side of freedom and practical righteousness; but in vain. At first they made an effort to have their meeting-house opened to anti-slavery lectures, as to temperance, missions, education, and other philanthropies. Their resolution asking this small favor, and in the most respectful terms, was laid on the table, and thus summarily disposed of.

This act, however, caused a considerable excitement and more "agitation"—a *dreadful* thing—than seemed desirable, and the ruling powers made some concessions, *apparently* to save the waning *reputation* of the Church. It seemed to grieve them very much that their pro-slavery position had been commented upon, even by one of their number, through the press; and they invited President Calkins, of Central College, to preach them two anti-slavery sermons, even on the Sabbath, and *apparently* to remove the reproach cast upon them! But he gave them such *strong* meat that he made "a bad matter worse." They seemed to think he would be faithless—at least *tame*—being thus tempted; and yet he was true, and provoked sundry ones beyond measure. Then they made a move to shut out all "itinerant lecturers" from their holy place; then all lecturers not known to be in good and regular standing in orthodox Churches; and finally, the absurdity of the foregoing being made apparent, they contented themselves with passing a vote that neither their larger nor smaller sanctuary should be opened to any one not *evangelical in faith!* And to throw the cloak of piety over their action, it was announced from the pulpit that the object of the Session in passing their resolution was not to exclude *anti-slavery*—O, no!—but "infidelity"!

This opened a new issue. It was charging the most intelligent and worthy members of the Church with wishing to aid and abet the cause of "infidelity." This they would not endure, and one of their number corrected the pulpit on the spot!—calmly, courteously, yet firmly—and that question, I understand, is now before the Session—"agitating, agitating, agitating." And the cause of freedom is in such good hands, and the cause of despotism in such bad hands, that the result must be favorable to the former. One true man is stronger than a dozen hunkers, for God is with him.

But one of the "agitators" in the Church has lately been brought to trial for heresy and misdemeanor, found guilty, and *decapitated*—ecclesiastically. No charge was made, as there could not be, against his moral character, but he was condemned for what they decided to be a departure from their *creed*, and for a want of subserviency to the Church. Among the *grave* charges was this one—going to hear WENDELL PHILLIPS lecture on the "Lost Arts" and on *Toussaint L'Ouverture*, and that on *Sunday!* Was *not* that shocking in a Presbyterian church-member! And he *knew*, he told them—for they seriously asked him the question—what Mr. Phillips's subjects were *beforehand!*—knew that they were to be "secular" subjects. But then, I should judge that at least twenty of his brother and sister communicants were also present to hear the "Lost Arts," a year and a half since. Whether they are all to be put on trial, or are to be dealt with in any way, I have not been informed. But I "guess" the "powers that be" will be a little cautious about trying another heretic at present. One at a time probably produces agitation enough; and they *do* fear outside anti-slavery influence some. Mr. Phillips, however, will have a great deal to answer for, and I hope you will warn him of the mischief he does.

But during the trial of the suspected heretic a scene occurred which was quite amusing, and in which the accuser-in-chief became the accused. After he had put his weighty and solemn question in reference to attendance upon Mr. Phillips's lectures, the question came up whether *he* did not recommend to the County Commissioners an intemperate man as a man of good moral character, and *pray* that he might have a license to sell ardent spirits to be drunk on his premises? This was turning the tables upon him, much to his discomfiture, for he could not deny the soft impeachment—the documents being present to prove it. How unmindful he was of the proverb, "they who live in glass-houses," &c. But I only design to state facts, without much comment. Whether the honorable gentleman will be tried or not for his offence, is doubtful, for he is sound in *faith*.

Here is the form of excommunication which was read from the pulpit on Sunday, June 20th:

"Whereas F. G. hath been, by sufficient proof, convicted of errors in faith and offences in practice, therefore, in the name and by the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ, I pronounce him to be excluded from the communion of the Church."

Let it be remembered that the "offences in practice" above referred to were not moral delinquencies, but such ecclesiastical misdemeanors as hearing Wendell Phillips on Sunday! circulating Mr. Mayo's tract on revivals, etc., etc. And, according to the law, for such cases "made and provided," the clergyman officiating gave "warning to the people to avoid all unnecessary intercourse with him who is cast out." Once they would have been told to do something worse with him. The world does move.

But what presumption is here manifest—and what presumption and arrogance also! A minister of a pro-slavery organization, *misnamed* a Church—though containing some excellent men and women—proceeding to excommunicate a *Christian reformer* "by the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ"! It is *impious;* and the inherited ignorance of dark ages is the only plea that even charity can urge to extenuate it—especially as some of the chief movers against the rejected member have been long on the side of rum and slavery, and the most active foes of human progress—ever "resisting the Holy Ghost," as manifest in the causes of Temperance and Freedom, with the most persistent efforts. But they trust in "the righteousness of Christ"—the *imputed* righteousness of Christ! No wonder. But unless they repent, their pro-slavery, anti-christian characters will go to the future with them, nevertheless.

Of course, Dr. Goodyear glories in excommunication from *such* a Church, not regarding it as a Church of Christ—*organically*—but rather as a human ecclesiastical despotism, though he undoubtedly still has fellowship for many who remain in their bonds.

But another incident must be mentioned. A cousin of Dr. Goodyear—a woman of much intelligence and moral worth—has long been in good and regular standing in this same Church, but known to be a decided *Unitarian*. Hearing, therefore, that her cousin was about to be excommunicated for the same or similar "heresy"—added to the charge of being an agitator for reform—she sent a letter to the "Session" making the request that her connection with the Church might be dissolved at the same time. Of this, however, they took no notice; and I see no way for her to get out of its grasp but to excommunicate that—imitating the example of many of our brave anti-slavery friends of an early day. I suppose they do not think it "expedient" to excommunicate her, though they do think her such a great heretic. She is not able to be among them *agitating* for temperance and freedom. What an *inconsistency*, however, excommunicating one person hardly *proved* by the Session to be a heretic, and holding fast to another who boldly avows that she is—according to their antique creed—and asks them to let her go, even if they excommunicate her. But other friends of freedom remain in the Church, and I presume they will be faithful to their high calling, and now be able to agitate with more impunity, for excommunications don't work well. The Church itself has the most to fear from them. But, perhaps I shall have more to communicate on the subject hereafter. W. H. F.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH
NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION FESTIVAL.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to cooperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their coöperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to THE CAUSE.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARMIN,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

THE Committee call upon their fellow-laborers for efforts for the Twenty-third Annual Fair, to be held in Philadelphia in December next.

To those who have long labored in this department of Anti-Slavery work there is not need to speak of its value and efficiency. To others we would say, give us your services for the slave's sake and for the sake of your own moral natures. Enlist with us in laboring for the emancipation of one-seventh of your own countrymen from a tyranny which European despots no longer tolerate.

Let there be a genuine "Revival" of faith in the Right and of works of justice and mercy, blessing him that gives and him that receives.

The products of the manufacturer and of the farmer, with the works of skill and taste, will be appropriate offerings to the cause.

There is need that the next Fair should surpass all previous ones in pecuniary results; for the times demand that the trumpet-call of the Abolitionists should sound louder and louder above the din of the political arena and the controversies of ecclesiastical organizations.

SARAH PUGH,	ANNA M. HOPPER,
HARRIET D. PURVIS,	MARY GREW,
LUCRETIA MOTT,	MARGARET J. BURLEIGH,
LYDIA GILLINGHAM,	ELIZABETH GAY,
SARAH A. MCKIM,	ROSANNA THOMPSON,
MARIA M. DAVIS,	MARIA CONKLIN,
CLEMENTINE R. JOHN,	SARAH PEIRCE,
MARGARET A. GRISCOM,	MARTHA KIMBER,
ANNA SHOEMAKER,	MARY SHAW,
ABBY KIMBER,	JANETTE JACKSON,
SARAH L. CHILD,	RACHEL WILSON,
EVELINE SUPPLEE,	MARIAN JANE MITCHELL,
MARTHA A. GALVIN,	CAROLINE WISE,
REBECCA PLUMLY,	EMILY W. TAYLOR,
ELIZABETH CARMAN,	REBECCA S. HART,
MARY A. HALL,	LYDIA WHITE,
EMMA PARKER,	ELIZABETH MAGEE,
ELIZABETH M. DAVIS,	ELIZABETH J. LEWIS,
SARAH KENDERDINE,	MARGARETTA FORTEN,
SUSAN W. SHAW,	HANNAH L. STICKNEY,
HULDAH JUSTICE,	MARY T. STICKNEY,
MARTHA CARMAN,	GULIELMA M. JONES.

THE POTENCY OF EPITHETS.—We cut the following paragraph from that solemnly religious journal, the *New York Observer:*

"Calling names is one of the most convenient methods for putting down obnoxious truth. Often, when a thing cannot easily be refuted, it may be so branded as to answer the same purpose. A plausible epithet, whose meaning and application many are too indolent to examine, will carry in their minds the weight of a judicial decision. A well-turned phrase outstrips the slower processes of logic, and accomplishes in the impudence of stratagem, like Ethan Allen's at Ticonderoga, what no force of reasoning alone could ever achieve."

The Observer's testimony is entitled to great weight, since for thirty years it has diligently practised the "method for putting down obnoxious truth" which it so *naively* describes. Unable to refute the arguments of reformers, it has persistently branded them with unseemly and odious epithets, such as "radicals," "fanatics," "incendiaries," "infidels," appealing thereby to the worst prejudices of its readers, who are never permitted to see in its columns any fair statement of the "obnoxious truths" which it desires to put down.

DOUGLAS AND THE ADMINISTRATION.

IT is announced by some of the Washington letter-writers that the Administration has concluded to stop its war upon Senator Douglas and receive him once more into favor. The slaveholders are shrewd enough to see that the proscriptive policy hitherto pursued must inevitably deprive the Northern Democracy of all power to help them in the struggles yet to ensue. They have therefore offered a truce, which Douglas and his friends will probably accept. The *New York Herald* says:

"We have been informed, from a satisfactory source, that it is the purpose of Mr. Senator Douglas (now *en route* homeward) to enter at once upon the State campaign of Illinois, which, in the approaching fall election, is to determine the complexion of the Legislature, and thus whether Mr. Douglas or some other man is, for the next term of six years, to take the chair so long occupied in the United States Senate by the 'Little Giant.' We learn, too, that, adopting a conciliatory course towards the Administration, the plan of the campaign of Mr. Douglas will be war to the knife against the destructive anti-slavery heresies of the late Illinois Republican State Convention, and of their Senatorial nominee, Mr. Lincoln; and that thus, taking up the glove thrown down before him, Mr. Douglas, upon the broad democratic principles of constitutional obligations and State rights, will make a fair field fight with the opposition upon the ground of their own choosing."

STATE RIGHTS IN WISCONSIN.—The replevin suit of S. M. Booth of Milwaukee against the U. S. Marshal for the recovery of the property which the latter had seized to satisfy a judgment against the former in the U. S. District Court for a violation of the Fugitive Slave act, has been decided by the State Court in favor of the plaintiff, on the ground that, as the Fugitive act is unconstitutional, the judgment is void. The case will go up to the State Supreme Court, which will no doubt confirm this decision. The slave-catchers will doubtless contrive a way to get the case before the Supreme Court of the United States; but even if they get judgment in that slavery-loving tribunal, they will stand a poor chance of getting possession of Mr. Booth's property so long as the State authorities maintain their ground. See the report of the case in another column.

Summary.

One of the Distributing Agents of the Tract Society in Western New York has resigned his position after more than twenty years' service, because he "cannot labor for the Society under its present apostacy with a good conscience."

FEET-WASHING.—A Western Baptist paper has received an article advocating the duty of washing feet as an ordinance of the Church. The editor says that he considers it a subject of minor importance, and does not wish to enter into a controversy on it. But as to the washing of the saints' feet, he says: "If they need washing, they certainly ought to be washed."

The students of Williams College held a meeting recently to decide whether it should be considered dishonorable to give testimony against delinquents charged by the faculty with the destruction of property and violation of the College laws. After a long discussion, the question was decided in favor of law and order by a vote of 85 to 75.

WEALTHY COLORED PEOPLE.—The Plaquemine (La.) *Gazette* of the 12th ult. states that the plantation of the late Samuel T. Harrison, some three or four miles from the Bayou Goula, was purchased on the 5th by the son of Cyprien Ricard, a free woman of color, for $240,600, at sheriff's sale. The mother of the purchaser owns a large plantation in the neighborhood.

A petition was recently forwarded to the Hon. T. H. Hicks, Governor of Maryland, signed by 114 ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Black River Conference, asking for the pardon and release of the Rev. Samuel Green, a colored local preacher, who is now lying in the Penitentiary of that State, under a sentence of ten years' imprisonment, for having in his possession a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

NEGRO STAMPEDE.—On Saturday night last, the 12th of June, says *The Boonsboro' Odd Fellow*, a gang of some nine or twelve negroes ran off from their owners residing in Loudon County, Va., and passed along the mountain near that place, on their way to Pennsylvania. On Monday evening one of them was arrested in Boonsboro'. On the same night the gang passed near Smithsburg, and some of the citizens of that place succeeded in capturing three. They, however, did not do it without considerable fighting, in which the negroes got the worst of the battle. The conflict was quite terrific. No less than eighteen shots were fired. One of the negroes was shot through the lungs, and it is feared cannot recover. Subsequently, two more of the gang were taken.

TAKING THE QUARTER.—During the trial of a case in the Essex Common Pleas, in Newburyport, on Monday, a witness who was brought from Plaistow, N. H., was asked by District Attorney Abbott, "Didn't you boast, when you lived in Newburyport, that you were the greatest liar in the city?" The witness looked wise for a minute or two before he answered: "Oh, I know what you mean. You see I went into a room one night, and found half a dozen fellows who seemed to be telling stories. Says one of them, "Here's ——, he'll take the money." "What money?" I asked. "That quarter on the table," was the answer; "the man that tells the biggest lie takes it." "I merely told them that I shouldn't try for it, as I never told a lie in my life, and they gave me the quarter."

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD OPERATIONS.—We learn from undoubted authority, says the *South-Side Democrat*, that the captain and mate of a schooner from Maine, now lying at Port Walthall, were arrested and examined before a magistrate in Chesterfield County, on Tuesday last, on suspicion that they had been tampering with slaves. Quite a number of negroes were seen on board the vessel the day previous, which caused the suspicion that the captain was then making the necessary arrangements for their abduction, but which he accounts for by alleging that they had assembled on board for the purpose of holding a prayer-meeting. The result of the examination we have been, as yet, unable to ascertain, but we learn that the captain was carried back to Port Walthall, and placed under guard, which implies that the examination did not result in a removal of the grounds upon which he had been arrested. —*The South.*

NEGROES AND THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE IN OHIO.—The case of William Cunningham vs. Lofford et al., was on trial at Chillicothe last week. The plaintiff, who is of mixed African and Caucasian blood, was refused the privilege of voting in October and November, 1856, and now brings a suit for damages. Evidence was adduced by the defence to prove that the plaintiff was at least half negro, while on his part it was contended that he was at most only a quadroon; his parents being respectively one-eighth African. The Court charged that as the Constitution of the State excluded blacks and mulattoes from the right of suffrage, it was for the jury to decide whether the plaintiff came within that class. They brought a verdict in favor of the defendants, although it was understood that at first seven of their number took the opposite view of the case. The plaintiff has given notice of his intention to demand a new trial.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

BEVERLY.—This ancient and model New England town, which is rich in most of the qualities that tend to the comfort and well-being of a community, is also rich in interesting relics and memories of the past. Every now and then some treasure turns up, which bespeaks the antiquity of the place and forms a connecting link with the generations that have departed. A few days ago, as Capt. Samuel Endicott was employed in his garden, he exhumed a piece of metal, which he at first supposed was a button. But a closer examination proved it to be a remarkably well preserved and bright specimen of the old *Pine Tree Shilling*. On one side is the Pine Tree in the centre, surrounded by a double ring with the inscription "MASATHVSETS IN"; and on the other, in the centre, "1652—XII," and, within the rings, "NEW ENGLAND. AN. DO." This relic will undoubtedly be carefully preserved, and deposited where it will be appreciated in after ages. The land from which it was taken has been successively owned by Geo. Tuck, Osmond Trask, Moses Brown, Captain Giddings and Capt. Endicott.—*Salem Register.*

A REJECTED DEVICE.—The Detroit Board of Education have adopted the device of a seal to be used hereafter by that body. One member of the Committee prepared a device which was rejected by the Board, but which *The Tribune* gives a description of for the benefit of School Boards in other cities and towns, who may not be so fortunate as to have an artist in their number:

"It represents a handsome school-mistress of 18 or 20 summers, seated in a chair with a shriving younker across her lap, presenting a rear view. The left hand (instead of the right, by some singular freak of the designer's genius) is uplifted, having a stout leather strap, in the act of descending upon the rear view aforesaid. The younker's mouth is wide open from which issues the motto of the seal. In the terms of heraldry the seal would therefore thus be described: Schoolma'am rampant. Younker, saltier-wise; Motto, 'Strike, but hear me!'"

We learn that a *rencontre* recently occurred on the *Paseo

Miscellaneous Department.

"WANT SOMETHING TO READ."

NEXT to "going out to play," there is nothing so important to many children, most children I may say, as getting something to read. After a certain age, and the attainment of a certain amount of scholarship, almost every child begins to "read to itself"—it may be omnivorously—perhaps in a very trifling manner and degree: a child who does not read at all, and does not like reading of some sort or other, is almost an anomaly now-a-days, at least among what we proudly term "the educated classes."

It is curious to trace the rise, progress and development of this branch of education, informal and unconscious, yet which, more than any others, influences the mind, character and disposition of a growing-up child. I speak not of prodigies or precocious geniuses, but of ordinary boys and girls, just waking up to think about—not themselves—they rarely trouble their little heads with self-contemplation, and it is a very bad sign if they do—but the wonderful world they have come into; about which their chief sentiment is an insatiable curiosity.

No one can spend half a day in the company of a moderately intelligent child, if only arrived at the age of "What's dat?" "What zu doin'?" "What zu dot in zu pottet?" without remarking what an extraordinary peculiarity of the infant mind is this same curiosity. "Little people should not want to know everything"—"Little people should learn not to ask questions"—wise axioms of our grandmothers! but I trust we are learning to deal more wisely with our little people. To the contemplative mind, there is something solemn, almost awful, in this ardent desire to know, beginning with the six-months' old babe who stretches uncertain fingers to its mother's bright neck-ribbon, or screams because it is not allowed to catch hold of the flame of the candle. A psychologist, moralizing over the mysteries of our being, might perhaps see therein one of the strongest natural proofs of the soul's immortality.

I have often thought it might be useful if people would take the trouble to recall and jot down their own experiences of this craving after knowledge—this unquenchable thirst which is only allayed by reading. And, just as one experience out of many, which may rouse thoughtful elders to reflect a little on their own youth, in the dealing with that mysterious piece of God's handiwork, as yet unspoiled by man—a child—I shall here set down a few recollections about our reading and our books when we were children.

In those days, juvenile literature was very different from what it is now; there were no children's publishers, making it their speciality to furnish the ravenous youthful maw with the best species of aliment, employing excellent authors to chronicle *Dr. Birch and his Young Friends, Grandmamma's Pockets,* and *Good-natured Bears;* and illustrating *Cinderella* and *The White Cat* with almost as good art as then adorned the walls of the Royal Academy. Even the cheap periodicals now littering about every house, and to be picked up by every child on every parlor-table, had not then begun their career. No *Illustrated News*—no *Punch*—no *Household Words*—no *Chambers's Journal:* only a month's-old magazine, or accidental newspaper, chiefly provincial—for we were provincial children—reached our eager hands. And even this species of fugitive literature was limited; we were not rich, had no large domestic library, nor did we live in a reading community. I only remember three houses where it was grand to go to tea, because—you were sure of getting a book to read. But this is forestalling.

Does any one call to mind his or her first book? The very first time when, arrived a step above c, a, t, cat, and d, o, g, dog, some strange volume, not the spelling-book, was taken in hand and blundered over, sticking at all the hard words, which were either puzzled out or skipped altogether, as character or talents impelled? Fairly got into, what a wonderful thing it was! A book—something interesting—something which out of its tame black and white pages could afford an enjoyment, intangible certainly, involving nothing to eat, or drink, or play with, yet exquisitely real, substantial, and satisfying, as nothing had ever been before.

Of my first book I have the strongest impression, still. It was *The Robins*—by Mrs. Sherwood, I fancy, but am not sure, never having beheld it since the age of six. It was lent me by a playmate of seven, and accompanied by the gift of a little black top. The top I cherished—whipped affectionately for years—and have got somewhere still, in memory of a warm heart that death only could ever have made cold; but the book was slighted; until, casually opening it one day, I found I could read.

It was—for the edification of my readers who know it not—the summer's history of a pair of robin-redbreasts, taken from the robin side; in fact, what I may call the bird's-eye view of the subject. Vitally interesting were all their domestic proceedings, from the building of the nest in the ivy wall to the successive appearance—equalling in importance the arrival of "our baby"—of four young birds, Robin, Dicky, Flapsy, and Pecksy. As I write down their names, how the idea comes back! each as strongly individualized as any featherless bipeds I ever knew. Robin, the eldest, a brave, generous, harum-scarum bird, who, determined not to be taught to fly, but to teach himself, came to grief and a broken wing, was unable to return to the nest, and had to subsist for the rest of the summer under a dock-leaf—a "shocking example"—fondly tended by his amiable sister Pecksy; Dicky and Flapsy—far less interesting characters—who were always allied in either mischief or pleasure, never did anything naughty or good; and the two elderly birds, exceedingly moral and parental, who, nevertheless, to my surprise, contentedly turned the young ones adrift, left the nest, and subsisted for the winter on the crumbs of the family who owned the garden.

This family, with enormously big faces, head *et prateres nihil*, portrayed in the frontispiece, looking in at the nest, were quite secondary characters. The bird-life was all in all. Such a glorious sense it gave of the delight of living under ivy-leaves, and being fed with a worm on a bright summer morning; of learning to fly, and then wandering at ease from tree to tree, receiving occasional moral lessons about guns, traps, and the duty of not robbing overmuch the protecting family. Memory may have exaggerated and put much in the book that was not there, but the general impression is ineffaceable. Even now, when every morning I meet that graceful, gentlemanly old robin, who looks at me for a moment with his shy, bright eye, and then hops away under a gooseberry-bush, I often think: "My little friend, can you be any descendant of those familiar friends of mine, far back in distant ages, who lived—scarcely in paper and printer's ink—but in a real garden, in a real nest under an ivy-wall."

The Robins must have been our very first era in literature. Our next was *Sindbad the Sailor, Robinson Crusoe,* and *Jack the Giant-killer*—not elegantly got up, but coarsely printed in paper-covers, with "cuts" instead of "plates." Extraordinary cuts some of them were—as, seeing one of the same editions lately, I found out. Vividly it recalled all the rest: Crusoe seeing the footprints in the sand, Crusoe and his man Friday; Sindbad carried up by the roc, Sindbad put into the open coffin and let down into the funereal cave; also Jack, sitting genteelly at table with the ugliest of giants, who it was half-feared might "frighten" us; but, bless you! we were never frightened at anything of that sort. We had no nursemaid to tell us horrible tales of "Bogie" and the "Black Man"—all we ever heard or learned for the first seven years of our lives came direct from the fountain-head—the fountain of all tenderness, and safety, and loving-kindness. In this, our poverty was more blessed than if we had been heirs to

> All the wealth that fills the breeze
> When Coromandel's ships return from Indian seas.

This reminds me that in our earlier days we thought very little of poetry. Nobody ever bothered us with Dr. Watts's Hymns, or any hymns at all—nor crammed our poor little brains with cant words and phrases of which the ideas were either totally incomprehensible or received in a form so material as to be either ludicrous or profane. Accidentally we lighted on "The Busy Bee," "Hush, my Babe, lie still, and slumber," took a fancy to them, and learned them by heart; also, many of the *Original Poems for Children*—Miss Aikin's, I believe—which have been the delight of generations. But we never meddled with religious poetry, nor were set to learn it as a task, any more than the Bible—the book of books—which we all read aloud reverently, verse by verse, elders and youngers alternately, every Sunday evening.

For our secular reading, out of lesson-time, we were obliged to depend on ourselves. The treat of being read to was quite impossible in our busy household. Therefore, possessing what is now called in grand phrase "a healthy animalism"—which I take to mean the ordinary sanitary state of most children who are neither physicked nor "coddled"—we gave the largest portions of our energies to play, and, with the exceptions mentioned, were rather indifferent to books. Gradually, however—on wet days and long winter evenings—we began to want something to read—something real; for we were wakening up to the conviction that rose were not as common as sparrows, and that the Liliputian which some of us longed to find and be a most loving Glumdalclitch to was not likely to be picked up in our field, or any field. In short, we wanted facts.

And here came in a book, which I have since suspected to be as fabulous as *Robinson Crusoe* itself, but which then we entirely credited—*Rolandi's Travels round the World.* Its hero, with his companions—the naturalist, the man of science, the doctor—who, I recollect, had a most unmedical propensity for eating—with all their adventures, were an inexhaustible delight. Earnestly we longed to penetrate to the interior of that marvellous Africa, the map of which, so often consulted by us prior to the days of lion-hunters, persevering brothers Lander, and modest brave Livingstones, was, except for the coast-line, a mere blank—a circumstance probably all the safer for our veracious Rolandi.

Another book of adventure, which likewise I have never seen since, and which maturer wisdom is still loath to recognize as fiction, was Miss Porter's *Narrative of Sir Edward Seaward.* Strange that no enterprising modern publisher has ever disinterred and revived in a cheap edition that charming old book, with its *bona-fide* simplicity of detail, its exquisite picture of the solitary island where Seaward and his Eliza are wrecked, and live *a la* Crusoe and Mrs. Crusoe—during the first years of their married life; where they afterwards found a colony; then, returning to England, bask in the favor of King George and Queen Caroline, and become Sir Edward and Lady Seaward; though sometimes less happy, as the reader feels, than the young pair cast away on that lovely, lonely Pacific island.

The Pacific seas gained another charm for us when somewhat about this era we lighted on G. L. Craik's *New Zealanders.* Every many-vowelled polysyllable name, every grim countenance therein, was familiar to us as those of our brethren and companions. Much we lamented that tattoo and paint, mats and war-clubs, were not the customary costume of youthful Britons; and to live in a hut, and squat round a baked pig, seemed to us preferable to any civilized notions about houses and dinners. As it was, the sole thing left to us was to practise drinking out of a calabash, holding the—for calabash, read mug—high up, at arm's-length, in the approved New Zealand fashion. I should be sorry to confess how many times we soaked our pinafores through and through, before this art was attained in perfection.

Captain Cook's Voyages, and his Geography, in two thick quartos, with maps and engravings innumerable, came in also, to confirm the mania for all things pertaining to the southern seas, which lasted a long time, and may have influenced the family fortunes more than was dreamed of. To this day, both to those of us who have seen it and those who have not, there lingers a curious charm about that antipodean hemisphere, with its strange plants, strange animals, strange stars, strange skies: its mysterious, half-known continents, and its solitary coral islands starting up from the depths of undiscovered seas.

This was our sole bit of romance. Compared with what I have since heard of other people's childhood, ours seems the most matter-of-fact imaginable. We lived in a new manufacturing district, where was not a trace of legendary lore; and we must have been quite "old" children before we ever heard about ghosts or fairies. Also, our elders and superiors, though extremely well educated, happened to have a far stronger bias towards science, mathematics, and general solid knowledge, than towards art or the poetical side of literature. The first bit of real art I ever remember to have got hold of was Flaxman's *Homer*—beloved still as the key-note of what has been the pleasant music of a lifetime—but I am now writing of books, not pictures. It stirred me up to the study of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey:* these two, with Thomson's *Seasons* and Young's *Night Thoughts*—after I had conquered a great dislike to the frontispiece, representing a gentleman sitting at night in his study, and Death, a skeleton with scythe and hour-glass, coming to hold with him a little cheerful conversation—constitute the only poetry-books I have any distinct recollection of.

Nobody else studied them: the family bent was all towards science. Many books of the era come to mind: *Endless Amusements*—which would have deserved its name, save for the unfortunate fact that the experiments therein would have cost the whole domestic income—the *Boy's Own Book* and the *Boy's Book of Science.* This latter was thumbed over from morning till night—as may be discovered if its relics be ever exhumed for the benefit of its owner's descendants—but I myself never got further than the illustrations, which were very pretty and artistic, and consisted of little fat nude boys busy over a blow-pipe, or an electrical machine, or a series of mysterious phials. I admired them much, but thought the little fellows looked rather cold, and wondered if it were always necessary to conduct scientific experiments without one's clothes.

At this period, we took to book-borrowing, in which our chief trouble was that benevolent friends would lend us "childish" books. One of us, the little one, still recalls having *Sandford and Merton* thus foisted upon him, which he rejected; when being told to go and choose what he liked, he returned with Brande's *Chemistry,* Mrs. Marcet's *Conversations,* Ure's *Dictionary of Arts and Sciences,* or something else of the kind, which alone he considered "interesting."

To this I attribute our indifference to Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Barbauld, and other excellent writers for children, that we read them at too late an age, when we wanted to know about men, women, and things in general. Thus, I remember luxuriating in Goldsmith's dry school-histories; having a personal friendship for Themistocles and Epaminondas, a familiar acquaintance with all the old Romans, and a passionate pity for Charles I., which made me dream over and over again, for years, of his taking refuge in our house, my putting him into the cupboard or up the chimney, then dismissing him to safety with an infinitude of blessings, caresses and tears. After this, what were *Harry and Lucy, Rosamond,* and the *Parents' Assistants?*

To one writer of this class, now almost forgotten, I must make an exception. Few books in all my life have ever done me so much good—the true aim of all good books—as Mrs. Hofland's. Simple, natural, neither dragging the young mind down to its supposed level, which it has already got far beyond, nor burdening it with dry morality, or, what is worse, religious cant, yet breathing throughout the true spirit both of religion and morality, her stories for young people, such as the *Clergyman's Widow, Blind Farmer,* and *Son of a Genius,* deserve to live as long as there are any young people to read them.

Writers for children are too apt to forget how uncommonly "sharp" is the little public they have to deal with; how, whatever be its own voluntary make-believes, it is quick as lightning to detect and spurn any make-believe in grown-up people, especially when meant to take in its small self. Hypocritical goodness, impossible self-denial, it rejects at once, as it does pictures of life where the moral is incessantly intruding, where the bad child is always naughty, and the good child never does anything wrong, where the parents are paragons of superlative wisdom and faultless perfection, and every action good or bad immediately meets its reward. Such tales are not of the least value, because they are not life—they are not true. Give a child as much of fancy and imagination as ever you choose—in fairy tale, legend, and the like—which it will play with like toys, and take no harm from; but, in Heaven's name, respect in it that instinct which comes direct from Heaven, and never in word or writing, in teaching or in conduct, set before it as reality that which is not true.

About this stage in our juvenile history, a remarkable fact occurred. Our next door neighbor began taking in a periodical—a large, small-printed folio sheet, with more "reading" in it than any newspaper, entitled *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.* How we used to rush in on Saturday afternoons to borrow it, and rush off again to some corner, where it could be read in quiet! How we hid it, and squabbled over it!—what tears it cost, what reproofs!—till at last, as the only chance of peace, the Journal was forbidden ever to enter the house; consequently, we read it in the garden. I am afraid—I know—we were very naughty; but the thirst for reading was now becoming uncontrollable in all of us. I can recall, spite of the guilty conscience with which I handled this grand bone of contention, what exquisite delight there was in hiding it under my pinafore, or under a big stone, till I could devour it in secret; how, even yet, I can see clearly the shape, form and type of some of the articles, such as the leader entitled "The Downdraught," and the bit of poetry beginning,

> Pretty Polly Partan, she was a damsel gay—

little, how little thinking that I should ever be confessing this in the pages of the same Journal!

But all this while, in none of us had germinated, in any shape, the romantic element. With me it first sprouted, I believe, not through anything I read, but through being read to, myself and my favorite companion, during one summer, and at intervals several other summers and winters. Dim as a dream are those readings, chosen wisely by one who knew better than most what children's tastes were, and especially what sort of tastes we two had. Fragments out of unknown books, Mary Howitt's poems and tales, Mrs. Austen's German translations, Shakspeare, Scott, Chaucer—old ballads and modern verses—a heterogeneous mixture, listened to on sunshiny mornings, with the rose-scent in the hedges, and the birds hopping about on the grass-plot; or on winter evenings, rocking in the American rocking-chair, in the snug little school-room, which neither we nor our children are ever likely to revisit more. Dim as a dream, I say, but sweet as anything in my whole childhood remains the grateful remembrance of these readings and the voice that read; which, to this day, when enjoying the ineffable luxury of sitting sewing and listening to a book, seems to me about the pleasantest voice of any woman's I ever heard.

The next epoch I have to chronicle was the grand turning-point of our childhood—the literary crisis of our lives. One fatal winter, we, whose doors sickness had rarely or never entered, caught successively measles, hooping-cough, and chicken-pox, and never went out to play again till the spring. Then, shut up in a few small rooms, weary, sickly, and cross—not dangerously ill, but ill enough to be a burden to ourselves, and a plague to one another, what could we do to pass the heavy time away? What was to become of us?

I really do not know what would have become of us—so far as temper was concerned—had it not been for the interference of a benign providence, in the shape of the bookseller of the town, who granted us free range of his circulating library. To him and to his "young man"—getting an old man now, I conclude—who took the trouble of selecting our books, changing them as often or letting us keep them as long as ever our fancy chose; who was as patient and good-natured with us poor sick children as if we had been the grandest paying subscribers—I hereby offer—should this Journal lie on his counter, as probably it will—our warmest gratitude. It may be a hint to other book-lenders, less mindful of the cravings of reading-children; and it is a relief to our minds thankfully to confess that much of what any of us has ever been, or may be, is owing to that "winter of our discontent" made such "glorious summer" by this unlimited supply of books.

What they consisted of, it is impossible to enumerate. I know they comprised fact and fiction, provender solid and light, classical and unclassical, and that their quantity was enormous; that they set us fairly afloat on the great sea of literature, which, thenceforward, never had a bound.

Of course, individual tastes developed rapidly. Science, from a bias, became a steadily progressing knowledge; art, from a mere fancy, grew into a passion; and imaginative and romantic tendencies sprung up full-grown, as it were, in a day. Our range of novel-reading comprised everything we could lay hands upon; Scott, Bulwer, Mrs. Opie, Miss Austen, and a writer whom we knew nothing about, but that he was almost as funny as his name, which was "Boz." I also remember our picking up the first number of a serial which we, already beginning to be critical, considered rather dull, and the characters decidedly unpleasant: it was entitled *Vanity Fair.* Of inferior romances, the amount of trash we consumed was something past reckoning; but, like all literary rubbish, it slipped out of our heads as fast as ever it was "shot" into them. We never took any harm from it that I am aware of.

And here I would fain say a word about our experience of what are termed "improper" books. We never had any, although we were allowed to read *ad libitum* everything that came in our way; for a very simple reason—the guardians of our morals put everything really hurtful quite out of our way. No tabooed volumes; no pages torn out, nor—as I have heard of an excellent paterfamilias doing—marked in the margin, "Not to be read," which seems a good deal to expect from any juvenile self-denial. Our elders never exacted from us anything they did not require from themselves: any species of literary provender wholly unfit for our youthful digestion was either never known by us to be in the house or—better still—was never brought into the house at all. The only instance of prohibition or hesitation that I ever remember was the *Vicar of Wakefield* (why, I cannot to this day discover), which, probably from some advice of less wise friends, was laid on the top shelf of the book-cupboard with, "Better read it when you are a litt'e older." I gazed at it longingly for some weeks, then climbed up, and read the first twenty pages or so—for I did not find it interesting enough to read further—standing perched on the back of a chair.

Shakspeare even—that great difficulty of parents—was freely allowed; but no one took advantage of the permission except myself, and I did not care much for him, except for the purely imaginative plays, such as the *Tempest, Midsummer Night's Dream,* and *Winter's Tale.* Still, I must have read him all through, for I scarcely remember the time when I did not know Shakspeare—but I understood him very little for a great many years. As for seeing any evil in him, I would as soon have thought of seeing it in the Bible, which, not to speak irreverently of the Holy Word, contains a good deal that the fastidious delicacy of the present day might consider "not exactly proper for children."

Therefore, if individual experience may be allowed to say so, I do think that with children brought up in a virtuous, decorous home, where, "to the pure, all things are pure," the best plan is to exclude entirely all glaring coarsenesses and immoralities, but especially immoralities, for the tone of a book has far more influence than its language; and *Don Juan* has done incalculably more harm than the grossest phraseology of Christian-hearted, moral, though rude-tongued Shakspeare. Afterwards, let the young creatures read everything, and take their chance. In that evil world which one sickens at their ever knowing, and yet they must know it and fight through it, as their Maker ordains, or He would never have put them into it, the best safeguard is, not total ignorance of vice, but the long habitual practice and love of virtue.

Into that world—across the enchanted ocean of which our pilot was the benevolent bookseller, who, I trust, under this anonymous, and through the oblivion of years, may yet recognize his own good deed—we children quickly passed. Therein, our readings, like our doings, concern nobody but ourselves, so that I will no longer continue the chronicle.

It will, however, have served some purpose if, in its literal facts, it carries any suggestions to either reading-children or their parents, during what may be called the *cacoethes legendi;* when toys delight not, plays weary, playmates are quarrelled with, and the sole cry from morning till night is, "I want something to read."—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE DANDELION.

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time;
Not in mid June the golden cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like, warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His conquered Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass—
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways—
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind—of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap—and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ABOARD THE JAPAN, WHALER.

EARLY one morning, in the Eastern seas, when I was a youngster, we sighted a shoal of whales, at some little distance. Instantly the boats were lowered; and, as usual, an animating chase commenced. I was in the mate's boat. After a half-hour's pull, the mate contrived to strike one of the whales, and make us fast. But the huge monster no sooner felt the barbed iron in his back, than off he went at a speed of not less than twenty miles an hour, dragging the boat after him. In a very short time we all but lost sight of our ship, and of the other boats that had accompanied us; the former appearing on the distant horizon like a fluttering bird on the wing, while the latter, if seen at all, were only discernible by a knowledge of their last position. It was no unusual thing to be separated for many miles from our ship; but, in the present case, several circumstances caused the occurrence to be anything but desirable. It was intensely hot; and the sun's burning rays shone fiercely upon us, producing, with the feverish excitement of the chase, a degree of thirst which could not be easily quenched, if a short allowance of water had to be our fate for even a limited period. Moreover, we were in a latitude where the fierce wind as suddenly arises as it as suddenly subsides into an intolerable calm. Consequently, to be far away from the ship, and, at the same time, some hundred leagues distant from land, was no agreeable position; and so we began to think, after vainly endeavoring, during another half-hour, to lance our determined foe. At length the mate decided upon hoisting a whiff (which is a flag tied up lengthways, in a long strip) at the boat's stern, as a signal to the other boats, trusting that they might, in the pursuit which we knew they would maintain, soon get sight of us; particularly as we observed that the whale to which we were fast was taking a circuitous direction.

As it was too good a prize to relinquish without some strenuous effort, we still held on, and soon had the satisfaction of perceiving the speed of the whale slacken. By this time some twenty or thirty whales were around us, attended by a number of sharks and others of the finny tribe. Presently the whole "school" came to a stand-still, and the mate, thinking it a good opportunity for lancing, gave the order for hauling the boat close alongside.

"Now, lads," said he, "run her up close, and let me have a chance at him." But, even as the words were upon his lips, another whale that was just ahead of us, and very close, too, lifted his enormous tail. "That fellow," said our officer, again, "seems to say, I'll smash you, my boys, if you venture to come here"; and lo! barely had he said it, when another of the monsters suddenly rose right under the boat, lifting it slightly, and making a complete hole in its side and bottom as he passed instantly away from us to leeward, apparently not at all sensible of what he had done. The moment we felt the boat lift, the cause was understood; and our oars, which had been apeak, were, with lightning speed, thrown into an horizontal position, and lashed with the life-lines. (When a boat fastens to a whale—that is, strikes one with the harpoon, and holds on by the line—the oars are immediately thrown a-peak, namely, placed at an angle of about thirty degrees from the horizontal position. The moment a boat runs alongside the whale, and touches her, then the oars are placed horizontally, in readiness for use, or against danger. By this means, though the boat instantly filled, we kept her from entirely sinking—the oars serving as a raft. Our position, however, was very far from comfortable, for we soon found ourselves, seated as we were on the thwarts, up to our waists in the water, with several sharks around, ready to attack us. The whales, also, remained close to us, and we could not tell when a second blow from a companion of the last one might ensure us complete destruction. Our first movement was to draw our long knives to defend ourselves from the rapacious monsters alongside; who, with swift yet silent motion, glided, now away, now back, eager for their prey.

Thus we sat, alone upon the ocean, a hot burning sun glaring on our heads, and the calm sea undisturbed by aught save the movements of the huge monsters around us. Life and Death were rarely more strongly presented before us than then. Death stared us full in the face, and we had ample leisure to contemplate his aspect. To us, Life seemed but as a possibility, not a reality: Death, almost certain. No power of our own could save us. To remain in our present position long would be morally impossible. With three-fourths of our bodies in the water, and the other part exposed to the fierce heat of a tropical sun darting full upon the brain, fever and insanity must speedily set in. In vain we cast our eyes towards that quarter of the horizon where, as we conceived, we had left the boats, and, also, where our ship was last seen. All points of the compass and all quarters of the wide world were alike, with a sun in the zenith, and our elevation above the surface of the sea not more than eighteen inches. The boundary of our horizon was not above a mile distant; and it would, indeed, be a great chance if any vessel could see us. Our only hope rested in the whole school of whales keeping near us; for then, both ship and boats would make for them, and, consequently, observe us.

A half-hour passed away, and still no signs of help arrived. What were my shipmates' thoughts, I know not; mine, I must confess, were becoming more sombre than was usual with me; although, boy-like, hope and a natural flow of lively spirits kept the blood warm within. Once, a hungry shark, fancying probably that he had an easy prey, came full towards us, and I could see his long white belly, while, turning close to where I was seated, he prepared himself for a sumptuous repast; but in this he was disappointed, for we, making a noise with our oars, it frightened him, and away he went.

Another half-hour passed, and we were still in the same plight, and, although I cannot say that anything like fear operated upon our minds—for sailors, generally, and whalers, especially, are proverbial for their disregard of that feeling, no matter how great the danger—yet there was a certain undefinable sensation creeping over us. The mate tried, occasionally, to infuse some cheerfulness among us, though it was plainly evident he himself did not possess a large share of it to spare.

"Well, lads," he said, "we've got too much of a cold bath now to be agreeable; but it might 'ave been worse, and 'fore long we shall see the old barky bowling down, to pick us up; even if the other boats a'n't soon here."

"More like the last than the first, sir," said Jim Bant, the bowman. "I see no chance of the ship getting here in a blazing hot calm as this. Now, if we'd but a capful of wind to help her, 'twould be different."

"Well, Jim," chimed in the man who was next him, "if the ship don't come, the boats will. They'll never turn tail and give up chase, after seeing us run from 'em out of sight."

Said I, "how can they see us, or know where to look for us, if we cannot see them?"

"As for that, youngster," said the man who had last spoken, "it's easy enough done, if they've only the savie (sense) to go about it. Why, here, right away on our starboard quarter is the sleek (wake) of the whale which will tell 'em the way to shape a course toward us."

"To be sure," said the mate; "there's no fear, lads, but what we'll be picked up afore long. And see," he added, suddenly springing on the head-sheets of the boat and glancing around, "all right, my boys! I can make the ship out, coming down towards us, with some wind in her sails. Look! there away on our starboard bow!"

Instantly we all rose to our feet, standing as tenderly as we could upon the few remaining bottom boards that had not been destroyed. In a moment we saw the Japan standing towards us, bringing with her a smart breeze, the harbinger of which was already denoted in some faint catspaws upon the surface of the water near us. The mate took off his hat, and waved it on high, while the rest of us shouted aloud; although a little reflection would have told us that doing so was vain at the distance we were off, and being, moreover, to leeward. To our surprise, however, an answering shout was given; from an opposite quarter. Turning round towards the stern, we beheld to our great joy the third mate's boat not far off, pulling as lustily as four stout arms and friendly hearts could pull. As our comrades approached, the noise made by their oars, and our united voices, disturbed the monsters, who, without, delay, started off to windward, passing right across the Japan's bows. In a few minutes more, we were released from our perilous position, and, forgetting everything but that we were safe, soon set to work in clearing the wreck of our own boat. The Japan immediately made sail to windward; but the whales had escaped, and we saw them no more.

A few mornings after this, we rose a shoal of whales on our lee bow, about four miles off. As there was a nice breeze blowing, the moment we had lowered boats, we hoisted sail; and, throwing our oars apeak, ran merrily down towards the prize, looking out a-head to watch for them. The breeze freshed up, and we were going about seven knots an hour; when, suddenly, a whale struck, or rather grazed past, on our weather quarter, instantly capsizing the boat before we had time to let go the sheet of the sail. As soon as we recovered ourselves, we swam round the boat and tried to right her. After some time and much labor—a labor which may be conceived when bearing in mind that it was undertaken by men obliged to hold themselves afloat in the water—we got her on an even keel, only to see her again capsize, the instant the wind caught the belly of her sail, as the sheet was still fast, none of us being able to let it go. Another effort was then made, and again the same mishap. No sooner was the boat righted than the wind filling her sail, and she each time being half full of water, it canted her over. At last one of us managed to get at his knife, and cut the sheet, which enabled us to right the boat immediately, though with the loss of all the loose gear, such as irons, lances, &c., that was in her.

The other boats, seeing our mishap, had hastened towards us, and two speedily came to our relief; but as we were not stove, and the whales were not far off, it was determined to try and pull up to them. Accordingly, while a couple of hands baled out the boat, and another unshipped the mast, the rest of us gave way with a will, and soon had the satisfaction of joining our mates, who had preceded us, and who were already engaged. Between the whole of us we succeeded in getting three of the whales, our boat capturing one of them.

Another time, while in the Japan, we saw a whale on our lee quarter; and immediately Down boats to give chase! The mate's boat, to which I belonged, happened to be nearest the monster, when he peaked flukes (went down), and for a time we were at a loss. We all lay on our oars for about twenty minutes; but, as there were four boats out, they were ordered to spread, and take a station about a mile from the other, all heading different ways. In about three-quarters of an hour, the whale, to our great surprise, came up: for it is usual for all large whales to stop down from an hour to an hour and a half. However, as we were the nearest to him, we pulled up and managed to put in an iron. Directly he felt it, no time was given for throwing a second harpoon; for he instantly sounded again, taking out about thirty fathom of line. He then began to run, under water, at the rate of at least twelve miles an hour; towing us, somewhat dangerously, after him. The other boats were pulling up in our wake, and, the ship being at first about a mile to windward of us, away we went, speedily passing the ship, and leaving the boats far away behind. On, and on, and on, did the monster carry us after him, still keeping up his speed, until, in a very short time, we had not only lost sight of the boats, but had sunk the vessel to her top-gallant sails.

The previous day had been a rough one, it having blown rather strongly during the whole of it. This caused an unpleasant swell to disturb the otherwise nearly calm ocean. Consequently, as we rushed through the water it appeared as if the boat was actually cutting the long sea in twain; every now and then taking over her bows enough sea to swamp her, had not bailing been vigorously brought into play. Vainly did we try to haul up, even but a fourth of our line; no: on the huge monster madly flew, making us follow him with a velocity that only custom could have caused us to stand up against. Presently, and without warning, he turned sharp round, as if he were coming to the boat, and we rejoiced for the moment in the idea that we should now be enabled to put in another iron, and lance him before he again made off. But in this we were mistaken; for no sooner had he fairly turned towards us than he at once made straight off to the ship at his former speed. The people on board, seeing us coming down to leeward, made a signal to the other boats to lay-to for our arrival. But, all that we could do was to see and be seen, for like a shot from a gun we passed them. When within a mile of the ship, and while we were thinking there would be a good chance of capturing him now, he again suddenly turned, and went off to windward as fast as ever. The other boats, seeing no chance of keeping up with us, went on board, and sail was immediately made on the ship to thrash her up to windward after us.

It was about nine a. m. when we had made fast to him, and he kept us running thus, ten or twelve miles to windward, and then to leeward, until sunset. It is the custom in the Southern Fishery, when once fast to a whale, never to let go unless imperatively obliged. In the afternoon, he eased a little, for a few moments, and allowed us to come up within a distance that enabled us to throw two lances; but we were too far off to cause either of them to do him any injury, nor was he, apparently, in the least degree weakened. The boatsteerer, a great powerful man, then went forward in the bow of the boat, and with a large spade tried to cut the whale as he went down; but he could only manage to clip him in three or four places, without at all lessening the power of his flukes.

A little after sunset, however, the mate finding it useless to attempt any longer battling with so eccentric an animal, and perceiving some indications of a gale, gave orders to cut the line, though we were all desirous of remaining with him. Accordingly we hauled up as close as the whale would allow us, and cut. It was then found that he had been fastened to, several times before, and this we proved by seeing the wounds in his back, which proved that more than one harpoon had previously entered him. Those who were our greatest whaling oracles on board immediately explained the reason of his having given us such a chase; "for," said they, "he was a wide-awake chap, that. He knew before what it was to have the iron in his back, so he took care to keep as clear as he could this time."

After we had cut ourselves from the whale, we could perceive that he lay upon the top of the water like a log of wood, and apparently quite exhausted. But as night had begun to set in, we thought it advisable to return to the ship instead of making fast again. And it was well we did return; for, hardly had we, by means of the signal lights hoisted for the purpose, got on board, than it came on a strong breeze which freshened to a gale, and blew great guns for three days.—*Household Words.*

A ROYAL MARRIAGE IN LONDON.

Correspondence of The London Times.

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 5.

ON Thursday last the first part of the nuptial *fetes* ended with the solemn procession of Nezibeh Sultana to her new abode, where her *trousseau* had already preceded her on Monday last. Both ceremonies were extremely curious, more especially the taking home of the bride, as it afforded one of the few opportunities of casting a glance on the internal life of the Imperial Serail and its time-honored customs. The sight became doubly interesting from the circumstance that the Bosphoros was the scene on which it was displayed. Not only did this enhance the beauty of the ceremony, but it made it much more public than it would have been otherwise. When the marriage *cortège* goes by land it is formed inside the gates, and those outside see only the string of carriages.

The ceremony was announced for the hour of noon, but long before that time the part of the Bosphorus in front of the Imperal Palace was alive with caiques of every size and description, from the stately five-oared, with its crew in Bussa silk skirts, down to the most modest single-oared caique, with a rag for a carpet and a Jew for a boatman. Before the waiting rooms, which are separated by a court-yard, transformed into a garden, from the palace itself, the caiques of all the pillars of the state were drawn up in a line waiting for their masters. These latter perform in the marriages of Sultanas the part which in common marriages belongs to the friends of the bridegroom, while the female portion of their families paid their homage to the bride in the harem. The palace showed no great signs of preparation. All the range of the apartments for males and the state apartments looked as dead and deserted as usual; only at the gilt iron gate which leads to the harem symptoms of life were visible. The passage leading down from the portico to the gate was enclosed by a high screen of red cloth, and the steps covered with gorgeous carpets, on which gaudily-dressed slave children were disporting themselves. A few palace servants carrying trays tied up in colored gauze along the quay towards the caiques, some eunuchs in gilt uniforms making themselves busy, and now and then a white-faced palace dignitary trying to look active, were all that appeared. But if there seemed little life in the palace, so much the more was outside. The quay, usually so gray and dismal, looked like the gay parterre of a garden; crowds of Turkish women, in all the colors of the rainbow, were trying to settle down, forgetting, in their eagerness of sight-seeing, their inborn Oriental dignity, and chattering, quarreling, and pushing about like any lively European crowd.

At 1 o'clock the indispensable salute of cannon announced the beginning of the proceedings. One by one the high officials entered their caiques; passing the palace, they stopped at some distance from it, waiting for the appearance of the bride, and ready to head the *cortège.* By degrees the palace caiques approached and moored along the quay, leaving the place of honor before the gate to the splendid state caique destined for the Sultana, and immediately before it another, similar, but not so rich, for the Kislar Aga, who has to deliver over the bride to her future husband. The Sultana's caique was painted white, with richly gilt carvings along the bulwarks, and rose-colored oars, likewise relieved with gold ornaments. In the afterpart of it a beautiful little cabin, all gold and pale blue, with glittering Venetian blinds, was erected. A faint sound of song, the usual marriage ditty, heralded the approach of the bride; the children disappeared, the servants formed a row, and the procession began.

First came, supported by two blacks, the Kislar Aga, who is at the head of the whole female department of the palace, and plays a prominent part on all such occasions. After him the mother of the bride, gorgeously dressed in pink satin ferigeh, likewise supported by two blacks, one of them holding a large pink umbrella, embroided in silver, over her head. She was followed by the younger brothers and sisters of the bride, each of them accompanied by their mothers and their suites of ladies and blacks. When these had passed and taken their seats in the caiques, the red screen was spread out, and drawn down to the door of the little cabin, so as to conceal the bride from profane eyes. In spite of these precautions, before she descended the flight of steps one could catch a glance of her as she came out covered with a rose-colored veil from head to foot, and followed by a host of ladies and children of the palace, who accompanied her, singing the monotonous marriage chant, which sounded quite melodious as it came across the water.